



SWOBAB  
A TALE OF BETHESDA

A POEM \*

BY

JAMES A

WHITNEY. LLD.

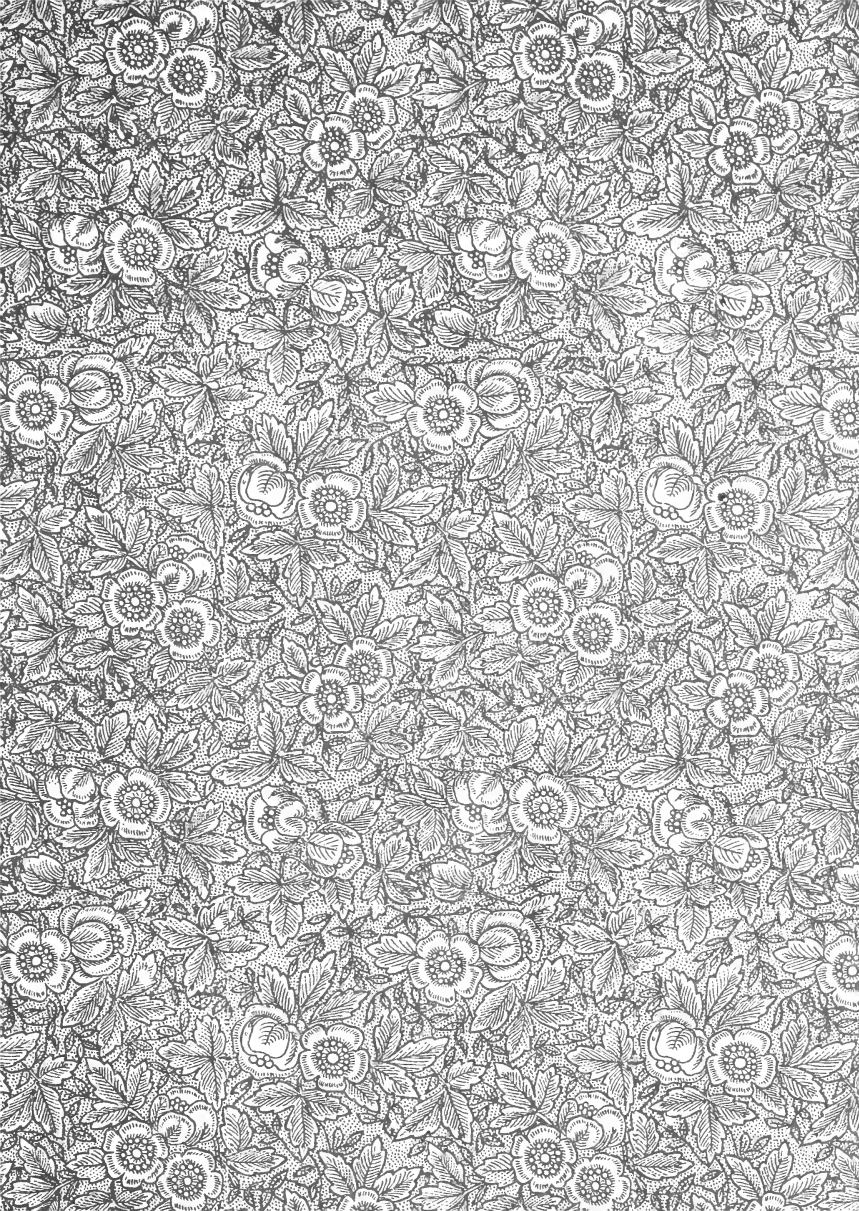
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JAMES A. WHITNEY, LL.D.

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TO THE MEMORY OF MY FATHER,  
A M A Z I A H W H I T N E Y,

WHO DIED THIRTY YEARS AGO.

A MAN OF KINDLY HEART AND GENTLE WAYS,

WHO, FROM YOUTH TO AGE,

FEARED GOD AND KEPT HIS COMMANDMENTS.

THIS VOLUME

IS REVERENTLY INSCRIBED.



# SHOBAB:

## A TALE OF BETHESDA.

---

I, Shobab, son of Shimei who wed  
The day the tidings unto Hebron came,  
That in the mouths of the high caves of Seir  
The Hebrews laid dry fagots, and with fire  
Slaughtered the mountain robber in his den—  
Tell this my tale, now that the years remote  
Seem near again, as seems the desert path  
Kenn'd from the height that marks the journey's  
end  
Through sunset's level light.

That winsome day  
Joy ran in rivulets within each heart,  
As wine flowed from the beakers to the lips  
Of all the village; while triumphant notes  
Swept from the harp's strained strings. The war-  
horse loosed  
Sprang with proud curvet in the pasture field,  
Hearing the distant cymbals' lordly clang  
And challenge of the shawm on free winds blown.  
That day was peace. The ox freed from the yoke  
In comfort all unwonted chewed the cud.  
White patient flocks along the wayside grazed  
The bitter herbs, contented; and the dove  
Beneath the eaves cooed loving notes and low.  
Upon the springing wheat the sunshine lay  
And o'er it swept the shadows of the clouds.  
The grass gave forth the murmur of the bee,  
From winding brooks came rustle of the reeds,  
And from beneath the reeds the monotone  
Of rippling waters. And anon, the shout

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Came ringing far, of those rejoicing loud  
That from Seir's caverns nevermore should reach  
The ruffian hordes to spoil the quiet land.  
And with it mingled on the breezy air  
The rhythm of the songs that graced the feast,  
Of this the marriage afternoon, when all  
Was joyousness of triumph, and of love.

The sun sank from the zenith and its ray  
Was followed by the dusk on gliding wings.  
The soft night followed dusk with gentle feet  
As maidens chase the brown moths mid the ferns.  
Upon her head the stars came forth and shone;  
The cool breeze from the mountains swept her hair,  
For this the gray clouds seemed; and every breath,  
As from her lips, made murmuring soft and low.  
Yet on and on the cymbal and the lute  
And voices shrill and sweet together swam,  
Now high, now low. And everywhere the mead  
Poured slow and luscious; and the sparkling juice

Of Hebron's trodden grapes made glad the hour;  
Until the coming of the morning star  
Beheld all slumber-vanquished; all save where  
A slender ray shone on the glistening cup  
Where the glad bridegroom pledged the smiling  
    bride  
In one last draught ere tender sleep should come.

Late the next morning to their tasks afield  
Went laborer and master; for the joy  
Was gone its way, and life began again  
Its old accustomed course. The day and night  
Came, blessing, each in turn. And seasons bore  
Each in its turn the burden of its time.

So triple threefold months went calmly by:  
And joy unto that dwelling came again.  
Not clamorous as before but all subdued  
To soft low spoken words and tenderness;  
When to my lips they pressed the honey-comb

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And on them, drop by drop, laid spiced wine,  
Hushing my cry with gently jangled songs  
Breathed pleasant, low, and sweet.

This have I told

As long thereafter it was told to me,  
For I knew not the passing of the years,  
Until it happened that the women cried,  
And all the children silent gazed in awe  
The while, swart armed, the toilers from the field  
Bore to our door a Roman soldier, dead;  
A sickle's jagged thrust across his neck  
And his bright cuirass dabbled with his blood.  
Then hue and cry there was that quick my sire  
Should die the death. But Roman vengeance knew  
No slaking of its thirst; for he was gone  
Unto the farthest nations of the east  
And never more Judean hill or vale  
Or wife or child beheld. My mother told  
Me how the hireling cursed him. Him, who sprang

From out the branch of Jesse. Him whose sires  
Had seen the glory of the Lord anear.  
The Roman smote him. Him, a Hebrew, born  
Heir to the glory of this ancient land,  
Son of its kings who ruled o'er all its plains  
Ere yet the distant marshes spawned the crew  
Whose sons on Judah laid their heavy yoke.

On, through succeeding years that drowsy crept;  
With sorrow dull'd, and with dull'd labor cold,  
We two, alone, a humble shealing held,  
The mother and the child. The reapers knew  
Our loneliness and woe and careful laid,  
As if unheeding, little gavels down  
That we might find them as we gleaned the field.  
And here and there when olive branches gave  
Their last yield to the press, was fruitage still  
A willing guerdon to our anxious quest.  
And so we dwelt, the mother and the child,  
Seeing the springtide and the harvest come



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To Hebron's fertile fields and go away  
And come again. And I grew on, apace,  
Dreaming and wondering of the weary world.

He who hath seen the cedars on the hills  
May call them to his eye when they are gone.  
Though of the meads that charmed him, nevermore,  
Of slender grass-blades kens he any one,  
So much alike were they and small to see.  
Thus, seven things, to me, of all those days  
Are clear as sight of cedars 'gainst the sky,  
Though all the rest be faded.

I recall

That by the wayside once a woman laid  
A brown hand on my head, for she was swart  
As the ripe olive's husk—a little child  
Clung to her garments, and with curious eyes  
Looked up into my face—to me she spake:  
Oh, child, but thou art fair to look upon,

And innocent thine eyes, and soft thy voice;  
Therefore, I would the marvels that I work  
May bless thee in the passing of thy days,  
That whom I love may blessed be through thee.  
Take then these seeds. Aye, in mine own far land  
The stately symmetry of Theban palms  
Have I beheld, when peace and rest were mine.  
And may they spring from out these kernels dark  
To wave o'er thee in peace ere yet ye die;  
So plant them when thy sorrow comes to thee,  
For they bear charm of many a prayer deep breathed,  
In olden rites the living Lord hath blest.  
And water them as to thy burning heart  
Ye would the coolness of great calm should come.  
The three brown seeds I clasped and she was gone.

Once, in the dark, my mother crooned a song,  
And slowly on her knee, the while she sang  
She rocked me to and fro. Oh, Father, hear  
Thy loved ones of the earth and take them home,

---

That they no more may know the Winter's cold  
Or weariness of Summer's wanton heat,  
The toiling of the Springtime, or the wrath  
Of sullen Autumn's storms; or any more  
The touch of fear on night and morn and noon.  
There they may rest, and there, perchance, may  
    sleep  
Withouten dream or any thought of toil,  
Of sorrow, or of pain. 'Twas then I asked:  
Where is this home?

    And low she answered me.  
These bodies that we have are but the bud  
That holds the odor of the fruiting flower,  
And when it dies the perfume vanishes  
But does not die, but lives within the air.  
Our spirits pass into a world beyond  
Those distant hills, yea, far beyond the sky,  
And there they shall have rest forevermore;  
The peacefulness of all the flowers that lie

In Summer in the meadows; all the joy  
The bees in Springtime know amid the trees.  
And it shall be forever—for the just,  
The merciful and pure shall enter in;  
And we shall rest. Yea, we shall rest, she said.

The while she spake, the crescent moon came forth,  
Casting faint shadows on the stubble ground,  
And shining on her face. Then was she still,  
Saying no more, though waiting patiently,  
I listened for her words till wonder grew  
And fear came on me at the peacefulness  
That spread upon her forehead. Long I watched  
Until afield the reapers came again  
In the glad morning sun. And she was dead.  
With scanty rites they laid her in the ground  
And heaped the earth above her, by the road  
The camel drivers traverse, leaving me,  
Unnoting that I lingered. Then I thought  
Of the dark woman's words; and of the seeds

---

Laid one upon the mold and pressed it deep  
With weak, tired fingers, weeping all the while  
That she was gone from me. Three times I brought  
From the cool spring and three times watered it.  
So, ere my task was done, the twilight came  
And night wherein I slept and half forgot,  
Then woke to weep again.

Then mourning days  
And sad months measured their slow length along  
With gradual lessening of the grief they bore.  
Each day brought less of sorrow, for it dies  
Of its own languishing. And memory knows  
Surcease in labor, and in weariness,  
Till like an evanescent shadow seems  
The presence of our woe. So thro' slow lapse  
Came calmness and content, and I was fain—  
After forgetful years had come to me—  
To sing among the reapers: for I learned

With them to wield the sickle with a hand  
Grown deft and strong.

Yet solitude to me  
Threw glamour o'er my heart. I sought the vales  
By rugged paths that led to meadows bright  
With flowery garniture and slender grass  
That gave its dusty blossoms to the air  
Ere tiny seeds were ripe. There came to me  
Each song the wild bird whistles in the dusk,  
Or carols at the dawn. I sought the glades  
Where feeble conies bide among the rocks.  
I marked the lichens on the boulder stones  
Rear little purple cups, and wondered oft  
Why sought they not the richer mold below.  
I loved the color of the wayside blooms  
Softened by evening's gray and tender light,  
And fragrant in the early falling dew.

The torrents change their courses in the glens  
And firm rocks deeper groove beneath the storms,

---

The tow'ring tree grows hoary with the years  
And time unmakes the contour of the fields.  
But ever breezes blow as in the time  
When all the earth was young; and fares the same  
Each little wild flower by the wayside grown.  
So, when on heart and brain are furrows found,  
Long wrought by tempests that are stilled and gone,  
Waft memories cool and fragrant as the touch  
Of zephyrs born of sunset, and the scent  
From springing trefoil in the herbage brown.

So I recall from sunset haze remote,  
From scenes of summer blossoms, and the stress  
Of gently blowing winds on herb and tree,  
A little maiden's face; a child she was  
Of soft unconscious grace and tender ways.  
Yea, younger than myself, and innocence  
Shone in her eyes and her fair forehead crowned.  
And all things pure and stainless seemed to me  
To be her kindred in the earth and air.

I met her in the fields. We chased the bees,  
White-faced and droning, from the thistle tops.  
And wove, of golden daisies, slender chains  
Wherewith to coil her shoulders. Flame-winged moths  
And dotted butterflies to deck her hair  
We caught with nimble fingers and fleet steps.  
And hand in hand we heard the mavis sing  
His welcome to the night, when shadows deep  
Of hasting daylight wasted into dark.

From this, our earliest greeting, came the course  
Of many eves succeeding. And the tale  
For each was like the other. In the fields  
The springing blade changed into slender spire;  
And swaying spire grew stately in the breeze  
With golden stem and gently nodding head.  
And from the springtide to the harvest time,  
Each twilight like the other in the joy  
Of love unsullied and of innocence.



The love of youth is gentle, and its touch  
Is like to that which once the prophet's staff  
Gave to the brackish springs of Jericho,  
Beside whose brink no tender herbage grew,  
Or palm bore fruitage, or fair wild bird sang.  
Till suddenly, beneath a holy hand,  
The bitter waters changed, and clear and sweet  
Flowed o'er the barren sands till they were clad  
With waving growth of green, wherein the buds  
Drooped lowly and unkenned; wherein the blooms  
Sprang bright and glorious from the hidden buds;  
Wherein the slender shafts of tufted trees  
Rose skyward from the flowers; and grateful shade  
Was where the aridness of dearth had been.  
So in my heart grew gentleness and trust  
And fervor for well doing all my days.  
Until it seemed, could I but see the ark  
Within our Lord's great temple, and behold  
The seven stems that waxen candles bear,  
That they may light the altar, I would hail

For her and me a life new born and fair,  
To reach out through the years in peacefulness.  
So when the harvest ended; now, I said,  
I will go thither to Jerusalem,  
Shall see its marvels and return to thee,  
To tell them all unbidden.

So I went

And all the wonders saw. But they are hid  
Behind the memories of nearer years.  
All, saving this, a narrow pool that lay  
Beneath high dusky arches where the shade  
Was cool while yet the lurid sun was high.  
A pool around whose edges threads of green  
Lay tangled in loose skeins of slimy drift;  
Above whose lazy ripples spiders swung  
Aloft on tiny ropes of gossamer  
That shone and vanished and then shone again.  
While on the sullen waters pillars threw  
Broad bars of shadow. Quick my questioning

---

Was answered by a beggar at its edge.  
Why comest thou, the hale, the young, the strong,  
And in mid afternoon. The stricken comes  
At early daybreak when an angel stirs  
To sudden frenzy all the waters calm.  
And he who touches first the fleeting foam  
Is healed of all his trouble. Go thy way,  
This place is not for thee.

Chilled as with fear  
I quick departed. But my fancy drew  
Within my brain the picture of a form  
Benign of countenance, and stately clad  
In stainless linen that unto his feet  
Swept down in folds majestic, while his hand  
A sceptre held wherewith to move the pool  
To merciful unrest when earliest ray  
Of morning sunlight glinted on its breast.  
This day-dream dreamed I on my homeward way,  
For now three days were vanished and my heart

Said haste to Hebron, for she waits thee there  
With welcome on her face. The sunshine fell  
And faded in the gloaming, and the moon  
The transient twilight followed with no break  
Or interlude of dark. In silver light  
Was silence as of sadness everywhere.

Twixt midnight and the dawn, upon my couch,  
I sought for sleep in vain. For sorrow seemed  
To lie upon the air, a hazy woe  
That had no object yet was ever near.  
When weary I arose, I, unsurprised,  
In groups saw all the neighbors speaking low  
Among themselves, as if in wrath and fear.

And when I asked, they answered, knows't thou not  
The widow's daughter, yea, the little maid  
That met thee in the fields, is slain and all  
Her blood is mingled with the ashen earth.  
A Roman charioteer drove idly by

---

And seeing her sweet beauty, called to her;  
Whereat she fled. Then his fierce anger rose  
And wheeling the strong steeds he rode her down  
Until her little limbs beneath the hoofs  
Were crushed like willow wands; until the wheels  
Across her breast went crackling as the flail  
Breaks the low sheaf upon the threshing floor.  
And we have laid her by thy mother's grave  
Heaping the earth above her, but her blood  
Is crying from the wayside dust ye trod  
But yestereven. Then the Roman's name  
They spake in whispers, but they threatened naught.  
For he was great and in his iron hand  
Lay life and death for them.

The grave new-mad

I sought and in the sunshine smiting down,  
Of the dark seeds the dusky woman gave  
I planted now another. Many times  
From the deep spring I bore the water jar

And poured upon it that its blade might rise  
In after days to mark the burial place.  
Then, wearied with the lapse of sleepless hours  
And the long journey and my anxious toil,  
I sought the shelter of a dwarféd oak  
And sank to troubled sleep. Within my sleep  
As if through mists unfolded, came the sight  
Of level meadows, low and interspaced  
With winding still lagoons. And here and there  
Upon the trodden fields war horses writhed  
Pierced by hard driven arrows. All around  
The dead men lay with armor on their breasts.  
And nearest of them all, with helmet doffed,  
With broken scimeter in his right hand,  
Lay my proud father's form, his sable beard  
Strown damp upon his corselet. Then the mists  
Were inward rolled again and I awoke.  
Awoke and said: The dim and slender trust  
I had that I might see him ere he died.  
Is gone. And all I loved are gone from me.

---

Then ere the moisture from the grave was dried  
That I had watered ere my sleep began,  
I digged beside it till the mellowed earth  
Was ready for my purpose. Here I laid  
The last of the three seeds the woman gave,  
And watered it anon, and came away.

In Hebron dwelt a man, Ben Aiden called.  
And he was hale though threescore years he bore.  
Though silver threads were heavy in his hair  
His eye was kindly and his manner free.  
He scoffed at Pharisee, and no Essene  
Dared measure words with him. For he was learned  
In lore of all the Rabbis, and he knew  
The pagan scrolls that came from distant lands,  
That great Jehovah left in outer dark.  
And far Ben Aiden's name was known. His flocks  
Grazed many a hillside and his herdsmen raised  
Their woolen tents on many a pasture plain.  
I sought the village when my task was done

Beside the double graves. A high dispute  
Had risen in the crowd.

By insult stung

A laborer rose and cursed a Sadducee,  
Ben Aiden's neighbor. When thy bones are dust,  
He said, Thy spirit in the dark shall lie  
Vexed by infernal fire. Thy deeds shall rise  
On thy seared sight. For senses thou shalt have  
To suffer, though thy flesh be passed away  
In noisome odors and to clay more foul.  
And thine own scorn shall mock thee, and thy pride  
Shall be a dungeon for thee evermore;  
While we, the toilers, from thy iron hand  
Released, shall bask in everlasting peace.  
Aye! Go thy way, he said, beneath thy blows,  
Weakened by hunger and by grief distraught,  
Because of thy fierce anger I shall go,  
And thou wilt bide awhile when I am gone.



---

Yet we will meet again. I wait for thee.

Yea. At God's Judgment Day, I wait for thee.

With trembling lips and arm flung high he turned  
And disappeared. Then loud Ben Aiden laughed;  
The beggar, quoth he, sings the ancient song  
And through his nostrils makes the old complaint.  
Then noting how the list'ners shrank to hear  
The fearsome words the angered man had said  
He took a softer tone.

The dream is fond  
But futile as the idle wind that blows  
And wastes itself afar. Not Abraham,  
Or Isaac, or yet Jacob told the myth;  
For they were wise. But when our fathers bowed  
Beneath the willows of far Babylon,  
Eating the bitter bread of banishment,  
They from their fellow-slaves within the land  
Learned thus to dream. And when they came again

To this their heritage they knew no more  
The simple truth the olden prophet taught,  
He shall come up no more, who goeth down  
Into the silent tomb. But life is sweet  
To him who rails not like yon wrathsome wretch,  
But loves it day by day and feedeth it  
With tribute of the senses in their time.  
Ye know that I, Ben Aiden, am no fool.  
And ken that I am rich. Ye know, my son  
Is favored by King Herod in his pomp.  
'Mong all of Israel's daughters, who more fair  
Than she who calls me father. In my face  
Ye see of health abounding. And mine arm  
Is strong at threescore. Who more blest than I  
Within our Hebron's borders? More than this,  
A few days hence I seek Jerusalem  
That I may higher rise: my voice be heard  
In Councils of the King. Yet through my years  
I've scorned this thought of judgment and of life  
Beyond the burial place. Yea, spat upon

---

The very altar stones; yea, since my youth,  
Full forty years ago, defied the God  
Ye call Jehovah. And I prosper still.  
And ye, my neighbors, love me for my ways,  
My bluff plain speech, my gifts of wine and oil  
In days of famine.

With his arms outspread,  
And sparkling eye and pleasant boastful voice  
He charmed the crowd. And I among the rest  
Admired his mien of valor. Then my gaze  
He caught with jovial glance. Aye, lad, he said,  
Why wilt thou mourn when mourning ever fails;  
Or lean on broken reeds of foolish faith.  
Ye know the fields where, called of Chalcedon,  
The drooping lilies blossom and their scent  
Is heavy on the air. They rise, they bloom,  
They fade and wither and, anon, are gone,  
And others in their places come anew.  
Cans't thou the perfume of the yester year

Gather again for petals dropped and dead.  
When this thou doest, bring the spirit fond  
Back to the eyes that once were bright to thee.

Heartsick, I faltered. Seeing me aghast,  
For he was kindly in his boist'rous heart,  
I meant no harm, he said, but know the truth  
And face the stormy day that soon may turn  
To warmth of fav'ring sunshine. Come with me.  
I am thy friend and will thee counsel give  
As I myself have followed. All is vain  
That prates of life beyond this pleasant earth;  
And vainer still the prattle that doth say  
Thou shalt deny the pleasure of thy days.  
Thy labor lighten with deep draughts of wine.  
And in thy rest be joyous with the sound  
The straken timbrel gives. For we shall die  
And all be ended then. Again he laughed,  
With his broad hand laid gently on my head.  
Yet seeing me despondent, spake again.

---

Aye, merry be, but yet if wrath do come  
Smite hard thy foeman that his fear may be  
A tribute to thy strength in hearts of men,  
And thou be glorified. An eye for eye,  
Yea, tooth for tooth require. So Moses writ,  
And blood for blood. So I, Ben Aiden, add.  
He was so strong his hand a shelter seemed.  
His words were wisdom to me for I knew  
Men called him wise and great; and being kind  
In word and tone, he seemed a friend to me.  
So when he said, come with me, I will make  
Thine heart rejoice within the hour, I went;  
And with him joined the feast where wine was  
    flown  
In crystal beakers, and where viands spread  
As I had never known; where dancing girls,  
In silken raiment, from far Egypt brought,  
Wrought sensuous grace of movement in our sight.  
Anear the midnight when the nutty fumes  
With stupor overcome me, for a jest

They bore me to the vineyard. In the press  
They laid me on the pomace. At the dawn,  
With laughter loud they sought me and their mirth  
Was praise to me. They said that like a man  
I grasped the goblet filled with mellow wine.  
But yestermorn beneath the temple roof  
I saw the holy ark, and seven branched  
The golden candlestick shed lambent light  
Upon the altar. And my fervent heart  
Was awed and hallowed. Now, an hundred years  
Seemed passed since then.

As in an archer's hand  
A bow may break and so be thrown away,  
My faith of yesterday was failed and gone  
Into the common wrack of useless things  
Forgotten and forlorn. No more I cared  
To mark the varied glory of the skies  
Or hues within the wild flowers dainty breast.  
The bird-note carolled from the coppiced glens,

---

Or kraken from the grain, was idle sound  
Waking no chord responsive. In the wheat  
I saw the thin spires dwindle 'mid the tares  
And said, each liveth for itself alone,  
The greater strength doth conquer. From the hills  
I saw the eagle from his high nest drift  
On steady sloping wings and from the fold  
Snatch the weak lamb and lordly soar again,  
Whereon I said. The innocent shall die  
And strength shall conquer still.

So triple years

Deepened in me the change, and I grew strong;  
Foremost in labor—yet the first to hear  
The jangle of the cymbal when the day  
Gave way to mirth of even. More than all:  
The readiest to meet the wrestler's skill,  
Or share in festivals the rivalry  
With warrior's shaft and blade. I loved the smiles,  
Of bonny brown-eyed maids. From horn or cup

Or hollowed gourd I drank the brimming wine  
In joy or weariness, in rest or toil.  
And morn and noon and night each guerdon gave  
To my full senses and my bounding heart.  
For morn had freshness of the dawn and brought  
Brave thoughts of triumph in the daily toil.  
And noon of languid rest within the shade  
With free songs sung and careless stories told.  
And eve the pleasaunce of dark eyes that shone  
With light reflected from mine ardent gaze;  
And voices breathing music to the sound  
Of tinkling instruments that gave us mirth  
In steady measure of the graceful dance.

'Twas long ago. Strong-armed and fleet of limb,  
I climbed the beetling cliffs, and, falcon-eyed,  
Beheld afar the rugged waters flow  
In glittering foam through gorges of the hills.  
And where the fountains shone beneath the moon  
I wooed the maidens from the village strayed.



---

Oft in the golden vintage drank the must,  
Joyous that life was sweet and strength was mine.  
Often I hurled the slender javelin  
As never Roman threw it. And the shaft  
Of Parthian archer never from the bow  
Clove the air farther than mine arrows flew.  
I joyed in strength as strong men know of joy,  
As earth rejoices in the glow of sun,  
Or cedars rise exultant in the storm.

Yea, strong I was. And oft the Roman's name  
Was coupled in my heart with wrathful thought  
Of all his evil deed. I waited long  
To hear that he to Hebron came again,  
Or drove his chariot on the lonely roads  
Among the winding vales. At last he came,  
And passed me scornful as I wrought my task  
Alone within the field. The steeds were strong;  
But I was mightier, and with heavy grasp  
I flung them on their haunches. Quick he sprang,

Short sword in hand. But with deft wrist I turned  
The blade aside. My hand upon his throat,  
A crimson flood from out his nostrils swept.  
I dashed him down upon the rocks that lay  
Below the wayside ledge, and he was still.  
In distant lanes the furious horses reeled,  
Dragging the chariot's broken shaft between:  
And far through all the country went the tale  
How his wild coursers slew him.

In my joy

I drank anew the fervor of the vine,  
Welcomed the dalliance of the maidens fond,  
And bore a secret triumph in my heart.

Aye, that was long ago. There came a morn  
When, from the wassail of the vintage night,  
I went afield and through the darkness passed  
With reckless shout and song; and lo! mine arm  
Was like a spear shaft broken or a blade

---

Wherefrom the hilt hath dropt. And all my strength  
Was vanished into fear until the dawn  
And light and warmth came to me, and I rose  
With wondering sadness; and bethought me how  
The pool was troubled, and that healing came  
To those who sought its waters at the morn.  
Then all my haughty spirit rose again  
As I pressed forward, though my wither'd arm  
Hung helpless as I strode.

The herbage swayed  
Beside my rapid steps until the dew  
Fell glistening on my feet. The air was still,  
Yet seemed a breeze before me, in my face  
Blown silently and cool. Anon, I saw  
The sombre arches and the gleaming pool  
And waiting people there.

A crippled youth,  
With sinews scorched by fire what time a roof

Fell flaming on his bed, was in my way,  
And I with lusty shoulder threw him by.  
A widow, old and palsied, moaning crept  
Across my path; and I, with sturdy laugh,  
Stepped over and across. And by the brink  
A blind man sat, with wavering hands out-thrust  
To feel when first the waters should be stirred;  
And at his cry I saw a ripple drift  
Across the pool, and sprang beyond him far  
Until the healing wave surged on my breast.  
Whole I departed, and with buoyant step  
I sought anew the fountain and the vine.

For life was sweet, and strength was joy to me,  
And rapid moons went by and earth was fair;  
I saw the white flowers of the olive fall  
As winds swept by them: and beheld the grapes  
Turn dusk and golden on the sunny slopes.  
I watched the shadows sleep beneath the oaks  
That crowned the hills; and the low hyssop grow

Along the curb around the well where shone  
The stars reflected in the summer eve;  
And where the maidens came, and castanets  
Made joyous music for our wanton feet.

Anon, the must was trodden in the vats,  
The first ripe olives fell, the thistle raised  
Its head above the grain. And once again  
The vintage days were come.

Aye, long ago

It was that from the dance, with wine o'erwrought  
Once more I went afield ere yet the dawn  
Touched the tall date tree with its purple ray,  
And wandered where the brambles, wet with dew,  
Clogged my weak feet.

In dreamless sleep I lay  
Until the high sun smote me, and I sought  
To go my way. But like a bow unstrung

Were all my limbs: and sudden, wond'ring fear  
Made my heart faint. Nor did I move nor rise  
Or more than cry along the vacant path  
Till travelers, for plenteous gift of gold,  
On stout arms bore me as I bid them haste  
Far to the pool whose blessed waters heal  
Who first shall touch them as they troubled flow.

There, by the porches five, a little while  
They laid me down. The crippled youth forebore  
To pass beyond. The widow, old and wan,  
Spread her scant raiment on my naked feet,  
And he who, blinded, held his trembling palms  
To feel the waters quiver, stepped aside,  
With patient air as more than sight had laid  
On him a charge of pity. Yet, I laughed  
As strong arms bore me o'er their heads and laid  
Me down amid the waters as they surged  
And o'er me swelled with healing in their touch.

---

So. Whole I rose, and whole I went away.  
I careless trod the path that led afar  
To famed Engedi's vineyards. Yet the air  
Seemed sultrier than before; the way more steep;  
The wild birds' song more distant; and the leaf  
That from the olive drooped had duller grown.  
Upon my tongue the wine found meaner zest,  
And the pomegranites juice was cool no more.  
The resonant timbrel that a wayward girl  
Struck with free fingers as she glanced aside  
Had undertone of sadness; and the laugh  
That kindled her dark eyes was vain to me.  
I lay a while beneath a zaccum branch,  
And saw the hot noon waver 'gainst the sky  
Till sleep came o'er me; and the lambent stars  
Looked down ere I from restless dreams awoke  
To dreamy wakefulness and discontent.

I thought. In Hebron have my years been passed.  
And there their days monotonous and slow

Pass on from eve to eve. I would the change  
Of unknown faces and new pleasures came  
To rouse my listless senses. I have heard  
That far Engedi hath a fount more broad,  
With cooler waters, and upon the wall  
The hyssop greener clings. That her ripe grapes  
Grow larger clusters, and her wine more bright  
Flows than from Hebron's presses. That her maids  
Their rounded arms fling wide with grace more free,  
And softer sing the canticles of love.

In fair Engedi found I welcome warm,  
For they had heard of Shobab bold and blythe,  
And glad were they that I had come to them.  
There day by day the vintage passed away,  
And day by day the seed time slow returned,  
When flowers new budded bloomed. And day by  
day  
The green grapes turned to purple. Day by day  
Soft lute and viol lured me to the fount



---

When fell the dusk, and pleasant voices spoke  
Sweet words of welcome—and the wine was old  
And sparkled from the goat skin as it poured.  
I craved a draught more potent than the press  
Yields from its pomace to the vintner's tread.  
Aye. It was long ago.

There came an eve:—

The upper vat was heapéd high with grapes,  
While that below with wine o'er ran its rim.  
They said: Let us rejoice and drink the must,  
And drink the old wine, too, for life is sweet.  
Then let the tabor and the timbrel sound;  
For joyousness is life. And let us dance.  
Aye. Man and maiden dance. Soft night is here  
And who hath seen to-morrow. And the morn  
Our wassail saw ere yet it touched the east.  
But when the last star withered from the sky,  
Each gaily homeward turned. One down the vale,  
Another o'er the hill crest, and beyond

The winding stream another. Here and yon  
Each one departed gaily while the song,  
And tinkle of the timbrel, answered back  
One to another till a silence came;  
And I alone remained beside the well  
Where crept the hyssop on the curb and where  
The gourd half filled beside the wine skin lay.  
Alone I stood, and all the air was pale  
And dulled the glamour of the rosy dawn.  
I stooped and from the gourd I drank again  
And sang a husky song. Aye, life is sweet  
With love and wine and joyaunce of the lute,  
I sang, and sang again, till on my brain  
There fell a cloud, and all my limbs were like  
The aspen's leaves that shiver in the noon  
When no breeze stirs the bough.

The morning air  
Was full of golden motes that sank and swam  
Before my dizzy sight. A veil of mist

---

Fell gray upon mine eyes, then sudden dark.  
Unto mine ear, like murmuring of bees,  
Slow droning sounds from out the silence came.  
Prone to the earth I fell, nor anymore  
Did sound or sight come to me 'till I woke  
From out a dreamless torpor when the dew  
Lay sweet and heavy on the mountain grass,  
And the white moonlight shone upon a palm  
That feathery shadows threw along the way.  
I was athirst, and from the herbage lapt  
The dripping dew. Ahungered, I beheld  
Ripe dates drop, one by one, from out the palm  
A dozen: and from one to one I crept  
And gathered greedily.

Then, with bowed head,  
With drooping shoulders, and with limbs that shook  
As shake the aspen leaves when storms are nigh,  
I travailed t'ward the city. Aye. The pool,  
The pool, I cried, whose turbid waters quake

In healing turbulence. The trailing moon  
Sank in its radiance from the azure deep.  
The cold night wind grew colder and the light  
Of the clear stars changed slowly into dawn  
Ere I beheld the city, yet afar  
Ten thousand cubits. All the eastern sky  
Grew crimson and then faded into blue—  
The while the sunshine deepened. Piteously  
I kept upon my way. The noon was past  
And sultriness was slumbering in the vales  
Ere low by Kedron's bank I lay my head.  
Nor farther wrought for wretchedness and woe,  
Or uttered any cry for very pain  
And weary hopelessness.

Here while I lay  
I heard the voice of wailing drawing near  
And saw along the valley slowly wend,  
To where the children of the people lie,  
With dubious step a tattered cavalcade.

---

And as they neared I saw Ben Aiden's son  
With wine-flushed face reel where the mourners led,  
I heard their voices speak Ben Aiden's name;  
And there Ben Aiden's daughter raised her eyes  
With sensual glance nor even grief could slake  
Of all its coarse alluring. Deeper fell  
My heart in loneliness and misery,  
For I had known him in the lusty days  
Of all my earliest youth, and I had thought  
He would befriend me in Jerusalem.

Then merciful a deep forgetful sleep  
Weighed softly on mine eyes. The ardent sun  
Crept through my limbs, a little comforting;  
And blown from Olivet came scent of flowers,  
The rustle of high branches and the song  
Of birds rejoicing in the peaceful day.  
A pleasant dream came to me: rhythmic words  
By maidens sung beneath the summer sky:  
And jangle of clear cymbals. And I woke

To the sweet voice of women, on the air  
Breathed gay and dulcet; and the clang of arms  
Like cymbals jangling or like castanets  
By wild free fingers struck.

Behold! Thé King,  
The mighty Herod with a train of spears  
And shields and glitt'ring corselets. Mid the throng  
Of clanging horsemen came the silken dames  
In carven chariots riding. On it swept,  
Nor would have noted, had a restless steed  
Not broken suddenly and sprang aside  
And reared and sprang again. A lazar here!  
A captain cried, and vengeful swung aloft  
His blade as if to smite me; but the king  
Saw mark for bitter jest. He bade them bear  
Me o'er the brook and to the porches five.  
Perchance, he said, the wave may make him clean;  
Then at the miracle shall wonder rise;  
Aye, we shall marvel much.

## His myrmidons

The while the throng passed onward bore me up  
And carried me within the city gates, and then,  
Their master out of sight, beside a wall  
Flung me down rudely and with scoff and jibe,  
Left me alone. Then drowsily anew  
I felt the creeping heat. I dreamed of feasts  
And of cool draughts of water and of wine  
Crushed from new ripened clusters, and anon  
I restless woke. Ahungered and athirst  
My moan I made and no man hearkened me.  
Slow, cubit after cubit, through the night  
I crept the city streets.

Before the dawn,  
Among the earliest who trod the way,  
I reached the pool, and with my hollowed hand  
Lifted its turbid waters to my lips,  
And as one famished, drank; the while a wound  
That in my arm a jagged stone had made

Upon its edge dropped blood. Then from her  
robe—

Yea, scant and thin it was—the widow tore  
A bandage narrow, and the hurt she bound  
With tremulous fingers and with pitying words  
In aged quaver spoken. He whose limbs  
Were scored and seamed by fire gazed curiously,  
Deep in my hungry eyes, and from his breast—  
His only bread for all the livelong day—  
Drew forth of carob pods and gave to me.

The slanting sun shone on the pavement stones,  
A green branch waved across the arch where clear  
The blue sky met the eye. A spider's thread  
Its venom'd burden swayed beside the wall;  
And clear a linnet's song swam high above  
The clamor of the street. For now the tread  
Of hurrying crowds grew loud. The bubbles rose  
And broke upon the pool. A sullen wave  
Rolled from its centre to its verge, and then



---

Above us, sandaled or unshod, the feet  
Of all the rabble passed. Flung far aside,  
And trampled on, we lay—the weak—while all  
Those lesser maimed and ill sprang rudely on.  
One, with some little ailment, touched the wave  
And buoyant and rejoicing went his way.  
Then each departed, some with murm'ring words,  
Some hopeful of the morrow. All save we  
To whom a home and archway were the same;  
For us the sun was something in the morn,  
The shade a guerdon in the noon, and eve  
When all the stones grew cold, alone of all  
The hours would drive us forth with willingness.

So day by day nor any change was wrought,  
Or any kind vicissitude of woe.  
Each morn the waters stirred, each morn the strong  
Received its blessedness, each morn the weak  
Fell helpless 'neath their strength; and so, at last  
We sought, devoid of hope, though seeking still.

'Twas long ago—yea, very many years  
Since first I brake the carob by the pool,  
And one year like another, save a change,  
Impalpable and slow, of which we recked  
Or cared nor jot or tittle. We who found  
Companionship that morn, a common bond  
Of suffering made and waiting, each for each,  
Gave greeting when we met. For yet alone  
Hath no man stood, nor any burden borne  
Unaided by his fellows. In the dawn  
Ere yet the sun arose the blind man reached  
His hand to feel the waters. In the dawn  
The widow's eye grew keen to watch the pool;  
And in the dawn the crippled youth crept near  
Its edge to be the first, and I, again  
Expectant, but unhoping, watched the drift  
Of stray leaves on its surface. Then the crush  
And struggle of a moment and the sound  
Of fast receding feet; while slow and calm  
The waters sank anew to placidness,

---

And drowsy from the tumult silence came.  
Then we, upon the scanty alms that fell  
To us from careless givers, broke our fast;

We watched on all the things that came and went  
Within our little sphere. The swallow's flight  
Or high or low, foretold the sun or storm.  
The beetle creeping from the creviced stones  
Was herald of the dilatory Spring  
And scant or heavy harvest, while the fly,  
As late or early, forecast for the hills  
The yield of spotted melons. And the mouse  
As he was sleek or gaunt, the promise gave  
Of olive laden boughs or barren branch.  
Yea, when the wind veered from the chilly east  
We counted that men's hearts would kindlier be  
Upon the morrow. When from out the west  
The wind blew fair and steadfast, well we knew  
That from the seacoast marts the millet cakes

Would cheapened come. And when from the far  
south

It slowly blew and steady, sure, we said  
The dancing girls will seek the porches five  
And we shall hear the cymbals and the song.  
Whene'er the vapor on the gray cold walls  
Gathered in drops and slowly trickled down,  
The plague, we said, will devastate the land,  
And prayed for each who in the morning gave  
To us our daily pittance. When afar  
The thin clouds sailed across the azure skies,  
And leaves turned sidelong as the wind went by,  
Behold, we said, the thunder and the rain  
Shall stay the pestilence, and we shall hear  
The chanting of the priests in thanks to God.

Aye, more than this, we watched the black ants  
climb

By devious pathways to the coping stone  
That crowned the arch, and heavy laden bring

---

The gummy residue from leaves that swept  
Against the outer pillars, lo, we said,  
How gain doth come from patience. Oft we saw  
The driving swallows in their reckless flight  
Dash headlong 'gainst the wall and, fallen low,  
Lie motionless as dead, 'til breath of breeze  
And blessedness of sun slow brought them back  
To joyous flight again. Then comforting  
Ourselves with gentle thoughts, 'tis thus, we  
cried,

The Father's hand shall lift us into peace  
And healthfulness of days. When, oftentimes,  
The outland camels choked the narrow streets  
Until the rich man's litter could not pass,  
Nor Levite keep the path; and when the steed,  
Caparisoned for war, raised hoof in vain:  
The Gibeonite with water jar on head  
Thridded between, and singing went his way.  
So shall we pass, we whispered, when the great  
Are stayed and humbled.

Yea, more than this.

From out the legends of a billowy past,  
Where truth shone for a moment and was gone,  
We gained quaint stories that would comfort us.  
As of one, leprous stained, who painful drew  
From plains beyond the Jordan, and while night  
Still mantled all the earth, lay down and slept  
A weary sleep beside the blessed pool:  
Yet dreaming, when the sunlight smote his face  
With its first beam; gave vigorous stroke and fell,  
Ere yet the strongest sprang, and in the wave  
Left all his leper's whiteness and was clean.  
And of one, cunning, who in distant woods  
A curious fabric made of springing branch  
And intertwining leaf, and hid therein,  
Close by the marge, so that the pilgrims thought  
A bunch of wild acacias lay anear  
The edges of the water, 'til he flung  
Himself abroad when first the ripples stirred,  
And reached them earliest and himself was healed.

---

Nor lacked we laughter, sad and slender mirth  
Was ours in many a languid afternoon  
When olden jests retold gave hollow cheer:  
Or for an hour a new freak pleasaunce gave,  
Thus, where pomegranate skins were flung beside  
The portals of the arches, came the flies  
In darkening clusters, and the crippled youth  
Would deftly catch them and with pride would show  
The buzzing captives; and sometimes a bee,  
White faced and droning in its drowsy flight,  
Would fearless clasp. And so it happed, one day,  
An alien wasp by favoring winds far blown,  
Drifted within the gates; with agile hand  
He grasped it as it sped and quick was stung,  
Whereat we laughed, full long; and many a day  
The jest made light the languor of the hours.

There came ofttimes, a fair and pleasant youth  
Who studied with the priests, that he might speak  
Some day in the Sanhedrim. He was kind

And told us stories of the ages gone  
Unwritten in the scrolls. And so one day  
With mimic manner, as himself were king  
Or seer, or beggar, he the story told  
How evil Ashmedai, the Amulet  
Stole from King Solomon, so he was cast  
Into deep sorrow and to Kedesh came  
Low wailing in his woe.

'Twas thus the lad  
With varying accent told the legend old:

I, Solomon, the wand'rer, I was King  
Over all Israel, in Jerusalem.  
Yet now I crave your alms, a beggar's dole  
Will blunt my hunger and my need assuage.

Yea, I was Solomon, of Israel King,  
And through these streets with horses silver-shod  
Rode on in triumph while my chariot wheels  
In golden splendor the high sun outshone.



---

Now I am girt with straw, and on my breast  
A tent cloth's fragment shields me from the blast.  
So give me alms.

Yea, Solomon the Great,  
Men called me in those days. My sceptre swayed  
From Euphrates to Tyre. My stately ships  
Were favored of the skies; and Ophir knew  
Their white sails swimming on the distant seas.  
My bowmen and my spearmen in array  
Were mightier than Egypt's mighty hosts  
And owned me lord and ruler. Now, the husks  
From desert branches are sweet food to me,  
Gathered with trembling hands by barren ways.  
So give me alms. For it was writ of old  
The poor and yet the stranger shalt thou aid  
As this our Israel was from bondage brought.

I had the love of women. From afar  
Sheba's fond Queen came to my strong embrace.

And who were fairest of the varied lands  
Were willing conquest of my ardent heart.  
Love songs I sung, and softly kindled eyes  
Replied in silence. Now, great Solomon  
Wanders unknown. Beyond the eastern gate  
One with bronz'd forehead mocked me. Give me alms  
For I am faint with travail and with pain:  
My eyes are dim and the rough way is dark,  
And Solomon would rest a little while  
Ere the new day new trouble brings to him.

I owned the charm that demons feared, and knew  
The secrets of the genii in their guile.  
And innocent craft of fairies and of elves  
That haunt the forest dells. Now, demons scoff  
At my lost amulet. The genii mock,  
And elf and fairy when my feet draw near  
Hide in the woodland hollows. I am changed.  
Yea, Solomon is changed and all is gone  
Save want and woe and bitter barren years

---

That crave thy pity and thy scanty alms,  
For Solomon is weary. He is weak;  
And patient in his asking, for he knows  
The poor speak often ere they find reply.

Of God's own Temple the high walls I built,  
Nor sound of hammer fell upon the air,  
While stone on stone uprose. The Lord our God  
Gave me of wisdom for all holy things,  
And knowledge of his work in earth and air  
From Lebanon's high cedar to the herb  
That sways neglected on the toppling wall:  
And vision clear for judgment. Now, my thought  
Heeds but the present hour, and dole that comes  
From hearts grown pitiful to see my woe:  
For Solomon is broken and his state  
Is vanished into rags. Yea, give me alms.  
Me, who was Ruler in Jerusalem,  
And Seer. And priest before the holy Lord.  
I, Solomon, the Preacher. I was King

Over all Israel. Yet my hunger sore  
Craves pittance from thee, and I fain would find  
Some little shelter from the winds that blow  
Through the chill shadows of the creeping night.

I through the cities of this realm have passed,  
A stranger 'mid my people, and no door  
Swung on its hinges for the king unthroned.  
And in the narrow lanes where beggars hide  
I found each had his place but none for me.  
Amid the graves beyond the outer walls  
I sought where I might shelter. But the dogs,  
According to their strength, each knew the bound  
And limit where he slept, where none might come.  
In autumn fields the little fieldmouse sought  
His home beneath the stones. The swallow's wing  
Swept confident to where below the eaves  
His clay-built dwelling hung. The eagle's flight  
Grew smooth and sloping when from upper sky  
He saw his wild nest resting on the crags.

---

And I their comfort envied as I walked  
Crying with tears: Oh, Israel, I was King  
When from Araunah's floor the temple rose,  
And David's son ruled in Jerusalem,  
Until at last, with sorrow overborne  
I ask thine alms.

Then quoth a fisherman:  
Lo! I am poor. No spreading net is mine  
As wealthy fishers use. On sturdy feet  
I tread the long leagues to far Galilee  
Whose waters, like the bounty of the Lord,  
Are free to all who come. A slender line  
Braided from nettles in waste places grown  
Suffices for my need. Within the deep  
The fishes come and go; nor do I ken  
Or whence or whither. Scant unto my hand  
Each day these many years enough has come  
To find me food and raiment. Share with me  
The solitary bream mine hook hath caught:

And share my fire the while the outer dark  
Shall grow forgotten though the chill winds blow:  
And with me share my shelter 'til the morn  
Shall warmth of sunshine bring to us again.

They sat, the twain, and watched the embers glow  
Within a narrow brazier, and the cloud  
Of vapor rise the while the food prepared.  
And the King's eye grew brighter as he gazed,  
His nostrils dilate as the odor rose  
From the quick seething flesh. Anon, they ate;  
As brothers friendly, though their converse brief.  
And when 'twas finished; we are satisfied,  
Spake they together, though it all be gone  
Save yonder entrails thrown beside the knife  
That scored them from their place. But while they  
    spake  
From out the heap revolting shone a light  
Misty and dim and wavering and strange,

---

As if a gleam of gold and gems were mixt  
And overlaid with sulphur's sapphire flame.

Then with a cry, as one o'erwrought with joy,  
Sprang Solomon and grasped with trembling hand  
The amulet and on his finger placed  
Its graven coil. Then through his raiment rude  
Shone all of Kingly manner and of grace:  
And power was on his forehead. In his limbs  
The strength of youth was sudden manifest,  
But in his eyes was tearful tenderness,  
And his red lips were tremulous as are  
A mother's words when murm'ring of the dead.

And when the fisherman would kneel to him,  
He said, not so, my brother. Go with me  
When comes the morning. Let us seek the hill  
Whence we may Hermon see, and Libanus,  
Carmel and Tabor and Esdraelon,  
And Galilee's fair valley and her sea

Wherein thy line was dropt. And tread its shore  
Where Sons of God shall travail when my name  
Is but a legend in the hearts of men.

They slept. And when the morning came, he spake:  
I, Solomon, The Wand'rer, I am King,  
Over all Israel, and Jerusalem  
Is mine own city. Yet mine heart is sad.  
For wiser now than when my wisdom waked  
The wonder of the nations, I am fain  
That all were finished.

Mine own heart hath known  
The weariness and burden of the poor.  
And earthliness of sin that bows the weak  
Ere they can rise to cry upon the Lord.  
The sore temptation; and the bitter fruit  
Which follows evil sowing. Yea. The thought  
That God is far away and will not hear.  
And the deep brooding, that the Lord is just,



---

That we are evil, and his wrath will come  
Until his broken law be all avenged.  
Not mine the strength or mine the light to know  
Wherefore shall mercy come. My spirit faints,  
For all is vanity that I have done.  
Yet seer am I.

And now the curtain lifts,  
Before the front of Ages vast and dim.  
And One shall come, more wise than Solomon,  
Purer than Moses, stronger than the sire  
Of our proud race. And Him the Lord shall own,  
And in Him kindreds of the earth be blest.  
Wherein I, Solomon, the weak, am bent,  
He shall arise in triumph. Then the poor  
By Him shall pass to joy and blessedness.

Then forth they went, the twain, the level sun  
Threw thin, long shadows slanting on the path,  
Upon the hill where now is Nazareth.

They sought the strand and idle at their feet  
The waters lapped with murmurs soft and low,  
And the King's face was peace. A placid light  
Lay in his eyes ; a look as one who turns  
From arid pathways into meadows cool ;  
Or who from battle coming, sees the roof  
Of his own dwelling in the restful vale.  
His beard the sweet wind wafted, and his hair  
From silver threads threw back the mellow sun.  
And on his white hand shone the amulet  
A wavering drop of gentle sapphire flame.

He said: My brother. Thou wast kind to me  
When I was hungered. When I sought for rest  
Thy couch gave me the blessedness of sleep.  
And I am King and Seer ; and spirits own  
My power on earth and sea. So, nevermore  
In Galilee thy line be vainly cast.  
And never shall thy brazier fail of fire.  
Nor ever storm assail thee, till ye die

---

Of many gathered years and kindly age.  
The fisher heard and cast his line abroad,  
But scarce the sinker fell beneath the wave  
Ere the cord tightened. Thrice he drew to land  
The finny spoil until it seemed too great  
For his strong arms to bear. Then reverently  
Obedient to a sign, departed thence.

But in a little while he turned and saw  
The Kingly form, the sunlight on its head,  
Silent and calm. Then slow the fingers drew  
Forth from its place the lambent amulet,  
And flung it forth, a gleaming arc in air  
That fell and vanished in the midmost sea.  
And calm and silent with slow waving beard,  
With sunlight on his forehead and his hair,  
The King stood on the shore. The fisher saw  
And awe was in his heart : and wondering  
He turned and went his way. And not again  
In this our land was seen great Solomon.

He ceased the tale, half bashful and half pleased  
To hear our praises of his mien and speech.  
But with his kind good eve the story failed  
And faded from our thought. Nor did I dream  
I should remember in the after time.

Sometimes a stranger gave us passing cheer.  
Once, wandering from the coast a sailor came,  
Reckless in word but with a kindly heart,  
And gladdened us with alms and willing speech,  
For well he liked a list'ner, and we loved  
To hear his tales of wondrous lands remote  
From all our warriors knew or sages told.

Once, so he said, beyond where Roman spears  
Outshone the glimmer of the Northern seas,  
He climbed a mountain on whose naked crest  
The sunlight lay when deep the midnight brought  
Its darkness to the silent lands below.  
Yea, there, he said, he saw the sun descend

---

Aslant and crimson and then rise again,  
Yet never sink beneath the distant edge  
Of the far driven sea ; and so its course  
Kept onward with no twilight and no night,  
But ever living radiance on the sky,  
And light unbroken on the mountain top.  
Then, ever eager to explain her thought,  
The aged woman spake. Above the vales  
Wherein we dwell the peace of God doth lie  
As on the northern summit dwells the sun.  
There fear is gone, as on the distant height  
The darkness hath no place. Yea, we may climb  
From out these lowly shadows into light.

The sailor, hearing, wondered, and gave voice  
To long, low, doubting whistle and away  
Went with a mocking laugh, forsaking us  
As all too simple for his courtesy.

We heard the daily gossip, that which ran  
From lip to lip among the folk, and we  
Were glad to join therein, because it gave  
Us lot and share with human kind around  
And made us one with them: we heard and told,  
Of who was wed and who was borne beyond  
The city gates for burial; and who  
Had come into the world; and who was old  
And wise, or foolish, and whose wealth was gone,  
Or poverty was done; who from afar  
Had home returned, or who departed thence.  
Sometimes its sluggish current faster moved  
At some strange thing new told.

One early morn,  
Yea, it was long ago, but not more clear  
Is yesterday within my vision drawn,  
Where comes the road from Bethlehem we saw  
A wayworn woman hasten to the mart  
Where sheep are sold, beyond the healing pool,

---

And in her arms an infant. Quick she drew,  
With trembling fingers and averted gaze,  
The coarse, dry herbage from the mangers full  
Wherein she wrapped the child, and hiding it,  
Sped t'ward the ford of Kedron. Soon we heard  
A murmur of shrill voices in the air,  
And sobbing near at hand. The Edomite,  
They cried, hath slain the innocents and now  
Is Rama mourning for her little ones,  
Aye, thrice accursed shall cruel Herod be.

And once we heard how from the Eastern lands  
A lambent star, new risen, passed athwart  
The calm, blue sky, and wise men followed it,  
Yea, Kings were they and bore of precious gifts,  
Until it paused above a humble roof  
Beneath whose shelter oxen chewed the cud  
And sheep contented lay. And more they told,  
Some doubting much and some of fervent faith.  
How in the manger was a new-born child,

Foretold of old a conqueror, and whom  
A virgin nursed in purity undimmed  
By any guile or stain, and at whose feet  
With low obeisance the gifts were laid.

And later still they said this self-same babe  
Borne into far-off Egypt safely dwelt,  
Awaiting that His time of power should come  
When he should rule—a King. The story told,  
We pondered for an hour and then forgot,  
Seeking new wonder in some newer tale.

But chiefest of the pleasaunce that we knew  
That dotted here and there the dismal days  
With scattered shards of light—the tales oft told  
Of how our people in the olden years  
Were God's best chosen. How from Egypt's dark  
And crushing bondage all the tribes rose up  
With steadfast tread, and sought the purple sea  
Whose waters rose beside them, like a wall,



---

That they might walk dry shod. How smoke and  
flame

Did guide them through the wilderness, and how  
The manna fell in darkness of the night  
When they were hungered. How beyond the hills  
This land allured them, promised of old time,  
Where rain from Heaven on the thirsty earth  
Should bring forth bread without the touch of foot  
To trickling rivulet. How Solomon  
These naked streets had clothed with shining gold.  
How he had talked with demons and had known  
The inmost secrets of the rocks and woods:  
And over mighty kings held heavy sway.  
How he from Joktan's deserts charmed the queen  
That ruled in Sheba. How his daring ships  
Of carven shittim wood from seas remote  
Brought back of gems, and birds of colors rare.  
How, earlier, a shepherd lad had gone  
To seek his sheep and found a crown instead.  
How, earlier still, when Israel owned the yoke,

A woman drove a tent-pin through the brain  
Of the accursed invader. How our sires  
Mourned 'neath the willows by the still lagoons  
That notched Euphrates' banks. How Esther came  
Mantled in beauty to the conqueror,  
That by the sword her people yet might live,  
Though sorely smitten. How Holofernes  
By Judith pure as snow was smote and slain,  
And all the people said Amen, and she  
Was honored of our God.

And while we talked  
Of these the women of old days, the crone  
Her shaking hands held steadier and a light,  
Like glint of burnished steel, was in her eyes  
The while she crooned. It was a woman's arm  
That saved our people in the evil days.  
Aye, Israel's maidens are not they who know  
Alone fair smiles, and softly woven words  
Sweet spoken in the dusk. And more we told

---

Of many marvels in the ancient days  
And told them yet again.

But most of all  
We conned the mystery that Jacob spake  
Concerning Judah, that around his hearth  
Our race should gather until Shiloh come.  
And who, we questioned, shall this Shiloh be,  
So long foretold and weary waited for?  
The Roman spears are bright along our streets,  
And Roman eagles from the standards look  
Upon us from our hills. When Shiloh comes,  
Shall Judah rise once more ; shall Zion share  
Her splendor once again? So queried oft  
Our desultory talk when fervently  
Each gave interpretation to the tale.  
Aye, quoth the greybeard:—

Judah yet shall know  
Her garners filled with harvests and her vales

Ablown with flowers new born. Her ships shall sail  
To seas untraversed, as in ancient days,  
And all her marts be filled, nor any tread  
Of alien warrior in her land be heard.  
Not Lebanon with his cedars shall be strong,  
Or Sharon with her roses be more fair  
Than this our land ; for Shiloh sure shall be  
Like unto David, and like Solomon  
In all save guile.

Then answered quick the youth.  
Behold, when Shiloh comes, the cymbals' clang  
Shall clamor loud from Jordan to the sea,  
And all the pastures shall be swept for steeds.  
The smiths shall swing the hammers at the forge,  
From dawn to dark, that spearheads may be made  
To arm the serried hosts. The chariot wheels  
Shall grind the pavements of Jerusalem  
Rolled outward to the gates. The bronzed birds  
That crown the Roman standards, flown afar

Shall dread our trumpet's blast. Like Joshua,  
But sevenfold more than he, shall Shiloh come.

Then softly said the widow, when He comes—  
Foretold by prophets, shall a gentle calm  
As of a Sabbath morning fall on all.  
And wrath shall die and peace be everywhere.  
The smiths shall labor, but their cheerful toil  
Shall make of ploughshares and of sickles keen  
And hooks to till the vines. The trumpet's blast  
Shall echo o'er the vales but it shall call  
The people to the feasts. The cymbal's sound  
Shall have but gladness and the voice of joy.  
Yea, in that day the lions from the hills,  
The wild men dwelling in the caves, shall come  
And seeking peaceful shelter shall lie down  
Unharming and unharmed within our walls.  
And none shall be ahungred, for the just  
Shall say that all God's creatures shall be fed.  
And none shall be afraid, for merciful  
Shall all men's hearts be found when Shiloh comes.

And I, in reverie, upon the pool  
Saw dead leaves dance and shadows come and go.  
Once with a step sedate, through summer days  
There came a man robust, in gentle guise,  
Who spake in voice subdued and gave us alms,  
With sympathetic words. Ofttimes he stood  
And gazed upon the pool; not when it stirred  
In first ebulliance in the rosy light,  
But when the shade grew cool at evenfall,  
When water spiders darted here and there  
Like dots of darker shadow on its face:  
When all its deeps grew black and clearer gave  
Its dusk reflection to the downward gaze.  
There would he ponder long, then with a sigh  
Would turn away and bid us soft good-night  
As if we were of brotherhood with him.  
Whereat we marvelled, for his raiment shone  
With linen woven in Cyrenian looms,  
And purple gathered from the murex shell.  
Upon his hand the cloven diamond shone

---

Mingled with sapphire and with chrysophrase.  
His words were chosen as a Rabbi's are,  
Full delicate and dainty in their strength.  
And yet he seemed like one of us who knew  
The burden of a sorrow held so long  
That it was daily use and habitude.  
So seeing him we held our woes more light  
As of the common burden of the world.  
But we knew not his name or whence he came  
Till from the fervent heat, one afternoon  
A woman sought the arch.

Beneath the sky

Was never mortal seen more beautiful  
In face or form or movement of the limbs,  
Or sensuous grace of speech, or tender ways.  
Save this, that oft her eyes were sinister,  
Nor steadily would gaze into our own:  
And that sometimes around her mouth there came  
Lines like the leopard's when he nears his prey,

Though seemed she as but yesterday a child.  
And her we knew. For we had seen her pass  
With flaunting garments, when the twilight came,  
And hollow laugh that echoed far and drear.  
She, resting, stood within the shade and gazed  
Half curiously on us. Her loosened hair,  
Like silk from far Sinensis, fleecy fell  
A sable cloud unto her languid knee,  
And clustered on her forehead low and broad.  
She stood, and spake not, till the angered crone  
Said, wherefore, woman, comest thou anear:  
Thy place is out beyond the utmost gates,  
So trouble us no more.

She answered not;  
But with a sudden movement of her arm  
Disclosed the rounded bosom and the charm  
Of all the ivory shoulder tinged with gold.  
And leaned against the wall as leans the vine  
Upon the trellis in the noontide heat.



---

Then with a careless smile said—sweet and soft,  
Ah, matron, thou art old: and like the seed  
From the ripe thistle blown, art harsh and dry,  
And know no juiciness of life, or touch  
Of any fervidness of summer noons  
On thy cold heart or in thy shrinking veins.  
Yea, matron, thou art old and therefore scorn.  
I take no coolness from thee in the shade,  
Nor crowd thee in the narrow resting place  
Beneath this spreading arch. A little while  
And I go forth, and leave no word behind  
Of bitterness or railing. Let the rose  
Bloom forth its little hour. It hinders not  
The thistle's seed on chilly winds upborne.

Then spake the blind man. Woman, hearken me,  
I listen to thy step and hence I know  
That thou art hale and strong. I hear thy voice  
And learn thy heart is fond and passionate.  
Its buoyant accents tell me thou art fair.

The rustle of thy garments, delicate  
Doth hint of sensuous grace and courtesy.  
Thy babble is of roses. Thou can'st see  
The splendor of fair fields with blossoms strown.  
In all these gifts find ye no treasure lent  
For which to make accounting? Wherefore now  
In idle dalliance with the drifting days  
Dost loiter far from shelter of the hearth,  
And all the peace of home and loving hearts?

Quoth she, and hast thou heard the hammers clang  
On anvils of Damascus? By the doors  
Where armorers labored I have marked the scene,  
The glitter of the fire and all the roar  
And splendor of the forges. And the steel  
Lay ready to the master workman's hand.  
And whether from the twisted bar should come  
A blade to shimmer on victorious fields  
Or one to offer up the sacrifice  
Was in his heart alone. Lo. He who made

The glory of the sun and earth and skies  
Has wrought us to the fashion of his will,  
And who shall hinder him.

Once knew I truth.

And all the trustfulness of innocence,  
Dreaming that love was like the asphodel  
That golden grows where gentle spirits are.  
When him I met whom ye will see to-day  
Beside this pool when evening shadows fall.  
For so we twain beside still waters stood,  
Beheld our faces in them and the stars  
Twinkle below ere yet our tryst was done.  
The year hath gone, and sullenly and dark  
He sees his own reflected all alone.  
And naught save memory of evil done  
Hath he and I together. He, who lured  
And I, who fell unheeding in the snare.  
Yea, I have faltered by the synagogue  
To see him, with fond wife, exultantly

Give thanks before the altar of the Lord:  
Wearing phylacteries a handbreadth broad,  
And mark the smiles that all the people gave,  
As in obeisance, did he but deign  
To look upon them there. Then have I gone:  
And shame has followed me along the streets,  
The mocking of the beggar and the jest  
Of Levite passing on the other side.  
Yea, shame and hunger, and the bitter woe  
That comes from dearth of converse with our kind,  
And memory of sweet hours forever dead.  
Aye, blind man, thou art darker in thine heart  
Than in those clouded eyes, to speak of home,  
Or hearthstone shelter, or sweet peace to me.

Then, turning, with slow steps she went away.  
But in a little while we heard her sing  
As if her sorrow a slow comfort found  
In self-communing words.

---

Aye, love is sweet.

When love is guiltless, as the rose is fair  
Untouched by ardor of the fervid noon.  
Ah, Love is life and love is dead to me.  
And life were better ended as the rose  
Dies in the blaze of suns that gave it birth.  
Among the branches darker grew the shade  
And deeper all the shadows 'neath the arch,  
When at the accustomed hour we heard the step  
Of him of whom she spoke; but all our hearts  
Had grown a-cold to him. Yet seeing this  
He smiled, surprised, and threw a double dole,  
Two coins, to each and passed toward the pool,  
And spake no more to us. Anon, we heard  
Him murmur softly, to himself alone:

Vain are my gifts upon the altar laid  
And vain the travail of the stormy years,  
The gathering of gold, and praise of men.  
Yea, and the love of woman, cast away

Like blossoms brought with toil from rocky cliffs  
Then flung upon the wayside when the joy  
Hath passed a little space. Aye, vain the faith  
Our fathers brought from sore captivity,  
That we shall rise from out the sepulchre  
To a new Eden. Yet, mayhap, as vain  
The Sadduseean's sullen dream of death,  
A sleep wherein no visions come to us.  
Aye. All is vain. Yet Death the riddle solves.  
This calm, still water could the marvel tell  
To who would trust it. When the gentle breath  
Had bubbled to its surface he would know  
The mystery of all the dark beyond.

Drowsy we listened to his monotone  
That fell on our dulled senses till it seemed  
Receding and confused! Then slumber came  
With dreams that flitted in awakening  
Ere we could hold them as a pleasure known  
Or anguish undergone. For we awoke

---

To hear shrill cries of wonder and of woe.  
For they who sought for him who watched the pool  
Need seek no more, and lamentation made.  
He lay beneath the water, save that fair  
Above its surface shone his forehead high,  
And hand bedight with jewels. From the space  
Of all the arches swarmed the flies and sank  
In clusters on his brow. And still he lay,  
For on that morn no angel touched the pool:  
And none were healed in presence of the dead.

Then we were filled with sorrow at the thought  
Of all our coldness to him. And we told,  
In low, remorseful converse, of his gifts  
And many kindly words. I safely laid  
The two denarii in my girdle's fold,  
That I might keep them for his memory's sake  
Till need should wrench them from me. Many days  
Were flown ere we forgot to think of him  
When sunshine faded and the night drew near.

Once, tempted by the coolness of the air  
When after rain the sunlight fell subdued,  
An hour before the dark, we sought the street;  
The blind man guided by our willing hands;  
Our weakness holpen by his greater strength,  
Till, eastward thrown, the shade of David's tower  
Made welcome resting place. And there were come  
A-many curious list'ners to the voice  
Of one who cried:—

Ah, mine inheritance  
Hath gone from me. Within the outland vales  
A crafty chief made foray where the flocks  
Of many poor and lowly, scattered grazed;  
And spoiled the fields of harvests where his hand  
Had thrown no kernel in the seeding time;  
And garnered orchards that old women watched  
From flower to fruitage with dim, anxious eyes,  
Mocking their tears with many a laughing jest  
And scoff at all their pleading. Yet, he thrives,





Unto our children's children, or will care  
That thou wast spoiled; that Mahu Jael laughed,  
Or that I touched thy sorrow with rebuke.

With slow, uneasy thought I heard his words  
As if I—half unmeaning—shared their guilt.

Then we the blind man guiding with our sight,  
And he our weakness aiding with his arms,  
Sought once again our places by the pool  
Curtained anew with shadows. But that eve  
We were more sad, as if the stars more far  
Were drawn within the sky, and hope more faint  
Would mingle with the coming of the dawn.

Light fell the snow upon Jerusalem;  
'Twas years thereafter, and within the porch,  
From out the falling flakes, the loiterers drew,  
And with them came the homeless and the weak  
Who knew no other shelter. Then I heard

---

Once more of Mahu Jael. For the Greek,  
His face grown older but his eye alert  
And manner affable, came with the rest.  
He to my query answered, yea, I knew  
This Mahu Jael to the day he died.  
And ever as of old he scorned the law.  
Lived long by the strong hand and strangled fell  
By stronger hands than his. A wild wolf's cry  
That rose and sank to silence, that is all  
Of Mahu Jael in his life and death.

Nay, 'tis not all. So, clear and shrill, a voice  
Made answer to the words. He cannot die  
Save in the flesh that he hath left behind,  
As the brown beetle on the cedar's side  
Leaves empty shard when he himself hath passed  
Into a life renewed.

I, list'ning turned  
And saw one clad in raiment torn and old,

Of camel's hair close woven. On his beard  
Lay lucent drops of honey. In his hand  
Were locusts crisped by fire, whereof he ate  
The while he said to us.

The merciless

Hath gone to judgment and his doom is wrought  
In flame unmerciful through endless days.  
And he who justice mocked doth justice know.  
For God is just. In all consuming fire  
That yet consumes not his keen consciousness,  
Are memories like sting of asps to him  
Of wrongful purpose and the fruit it bears  
On, on, and on, until the world shall end.  
And all the good he scoffed unto his thought  
Is clear and vivid, and in shadowy forms  
Reveals to him the good that might have been,  
Had he but willed it, till the world shall end;  
And yet was not nor evermore shall be.  
For God is just. Yea, every deed shall bear

According to its kind, as 'mid the hills  
Each drifting seed hath kindred in its yield  
Of more than is itself.

Then who shall bear,  
The Greek replied, the weight of his own sin,  
Though he be sorrowful before he dies  
That no atonement made he in his day,  
And now the time be gone. Aye, who shall pay  
Of his own debt of evil at the last.  
Repent. Repent, and ye shall have of time,  
Replied the prophet. There is One who comes—

But, ere his words were finished, from the street  
Came voice of ribaldry and clank of chain,  
And a decurion with his followers came.  
They seized the prophet. With rude hands they  
bound  
The iron links on unresisting limbs.  
King Herod wills, they said, thy rebel heart

Shall break in dungeons by the pitchy sea;  
For thou hast spoken ill of one he loves.  
Grasping his beard they bore him speedily  
Forth from our midst, and him I saw no more.

From seedtime unto harvest steadfastly  
The lagging seasons rolled, and one by one  
These my companions left me. Intervals  
Of years were lain between but I alone  
At last remained. Nor any joy was mine,  
Through any of the evanescent days,  
When they were gone. For alien every face  
Saving these three to me. Nor any voice  
Other than theirs attuned to friendliness.  
Yet in the joyless hours I yet rejoiced  
For peace was theirs, and gentleness; and care  
Was gone from them afar. For so it was  
That all from me went out into the day,  
The shadows dusk behind them and the light  
On their glad faces. One by one they went

---

And all my throbbing heart went out with each.  
While I was left to watch the shadows play  
Upon the eddying water, and the leaves  
Float here and yon as soft winds wafted them.

For once there came a morning when the stars  
Shone dull and red through all the filmy haze.  
As was his wont the blind man on the brink  
Sat him a-low with unexpectant trust.  
A ruffian from the Arab wilderness,  
Swart, strong and lithe as desert tigers are;  
Drunken with lees from outcast wineskins drawn,  
And wild with all the terror Ishmael knows  
Within the walls of cities, frantic sprang  
Into our midst. With reckless arm outswung  
He smote the sightless watcher that he fell.  
And at the instant, lo! the waters swayed  
Sweeping the blinded face, caressing it  
With softly flowing touch and lapping low  
The fallen form with ripples delicate.

He rose and saw the glory of the sun  
New born beyond the east. He marked the clouds  
Like silver mantles flung upon the sky:  
The dim green of the olives, and the shine  
Of almond leaves, afar: the shade that wove  
A fretwork from the branches where the breeze  
Slow swayed them to and fro: then scanned each  
face

In wonder turned toward him; but he knew  
Not us who shared his solitary years  
Until we spake with loud rejoicing words,  
But with a little envy in our hearts  
That shrank ashamed ere it ourselves we knew,  
For he was hale as aged men are hale  
Who all their days have honor'd God's behests.  
And peace was on his forehead and his lips  
Were sweet with sympathy for us who lay  
Still bounden in the bondage of our woe.  
Behold, He said. As dwell one family  
Within a peaceful tent in lonely lands,



---

So underneath the arches have we stayed.  
I go not hence but to return again.  
A little while I wander where the graves  
Of all my people be. A little while  
Shall note the strangeness of the hills and mark  
How the old paths are changed that thread the vale.  
And with awakened sight shall see once more  
The changeless wild flowers bloom, as long ago  
I saw them in the fields. But on each day  
That comes before the sabbath I will come  
And we shall speak again our simple words:  
Again shall know each other, and the hearts  
Of each shall open in all kindliness.  
And if it chance I come not, and no word  
Before the sabbath hear ye, know that I  
Have passed beyond the twilight into day  
Whence never voice returneth.

Then he went  
In the new risen sunlight, but each noon

When drew the sabbath near he came to us;  
Sometimes with ripened clusters from the vines  
Of distant vintage grown, sometimes with dates  
Gathered beside the narrow path that led  
From the far fountain down; with pomegranates  
And figs and carob pods of sweeter taste  
Than on the wild trees grew. And roses oft,  
With tender lilies from the wayside dells,  
And mosses woodland grown. At last a day  
Before the sabbath passed nor heard his step  
Upon the stones, or saw his shadow cast  
Between the pillars. Then we knew that he  
Was nevermore for us.

Then after years  
Crept by more slowly still. One leaden morn  
When thin clouds veiled the sky and airs were  
cold  
Though scarce the wet leaf stirred beside the wall;  
We heard the sound of hautbois floating near

---

In measured cadence, and the shriller tone  
Of loud blown dulcimers. The steady tread  
That warriors keep beneath a chieftain's eye.  
The rattling of the sword on greaves of steel,  
And clinking of the mail on jarring shields.

Anon within our sight the gleam of spears,  
The orderly array of arméd men,  
And in their midst a litter high upborne;  
A crimson canopy above, below,  
Fair golden tassels trailing, and around  
Broad curtains broidered with the strange designs  
The women of Euphrates weave and blend.  
For now a satrap, from beyond the hills  
That mark the utmost limit of our land,  
Laid low by poison and anear the grave  
Had come to seek for healing in the pool.  
When stopped they by the brink we fell away,  
Crowded on either hand, and left clear space  
For litter and for bearers, while they paused

To wait the troubled waters. But the youth,  
A youth no more but with thin scattered threads  
Of silver in his beard, more bold than all  
Drew close unto the litter till he touched  
The drooping tassels, and with smiling face  
Made friendship with the soldiers. So he placed  
His hands upon the smooth and burnished shields,  
And of their inlaid silver traced the course  
With curious fingers. And with pleaséd eyes  
Noted the inwrought armlet of the chief,  
The golden ornaments each cuirass bore,  
And the keen spears and crescent cimétars:  
The while the hautbois spake more low, and less  
Of strident tone came from the dulcimers,  
Until they ceased.

And we were silent all.

So silent that I heard, far overhead,  
A little sound as if a bee had thrown  
Himself against the ceiling, or a twig

---

Wind borne had rustled on the sloping roof:  
Yet sibilant as if a viper's tongue  
On high had darted and then hid again.  
Then, downward shot from where the highest arch  
Its keystone hid in shadows, fell a stone  
Age-loosened from its place.

Like gossamer  
The silken folds that crowned the canopy  
Were riven as it fell. Above the head  
That lay upon the pillow swung the hand  
Unscathed of old by fire. Yea, as it caught  
The white-faced bee long since in idle play  
Thus now it seized the stone, then cast it down  
So that it fell in ripples in the pool.

The Satrap spake. Beyond the mountains far  
A hundred thousand people sleep in peace.  
And rise in peace at morn, and through each day  
In peacefulness pursue the pleasant round

Of life and labor all devoid of fear.  
For I in justice rule them. Long ago,  
Ere age had tempered all my fiery blood,  
I laid up need of all atonement man  
May make unto his fellows. Thou has gained  
For them, of blessed years, and fair for me  
The yet atoning time.

Behold, He said,  
On yon dull water bubbles rise and fail  
And glisten in the glamour of the sun.  
Then lay me down upon these pavement stones,  
Aye, at this cripple's feet, and bear him in  
When highest thrown the troubled waters break.  
And, as he bade, they laid the litter down,  
A burning heap of splendor, where the rays  
Threw their new risen light. Then speedily  
They placed the cripple where the waters rose.

He knelt and kissed the graven armlet then,  
With grateful streaming eyes, then turned aside

---

To us his old companions. Nevermore  
Be sad, quoth he, for ere the Sabbath dawns  
Shall ye be whole. Behold me, I am strong.  
And when the satrap healed has gone away  
Another morrow comes, and one again.  
And on these mornings will I bear ye in  
Ere yet the crowd can pass. For now mine arms  
Can smite the rabble back, and ye shall live  
In healthful strength, lo, yet these many years.  
Into the sunlight passed he.

Never yet

Had sunshine been so bright to us who stayed  
Counting the hours 'till he should come again.  
But nevermore his shadow on the stones  
Did we behold. A Thracian troop went by,  
'Twas so they told us, as he trod the street  
In all his new born vigor. With the sound  
Of the shrill trumpet all his heart was filled.  
His eyes were dazzled with the shine of spears

And glitter of the mail. The heavy tread  
In measured time allured his footsteps on:  
A shrewd centurion called him, as he came  
With mimic martial air, persuading him  
That he should be a warrior. So, the path  
That led unto the pool he knew no more.

We missed his boyish converse and were sad  
That he forsook us in our dreary need;  
And, lonelier still, each nearer drew to each  
In sympathy of sorrow. Each with each  
Had thoughts the same. 'Though we together sought  
To make the burden on our hearts more light,  
The years were longer and the days more dark;  
We heeded not the changes of the hours.  
Nor recked we of the news the gossips brought.  
The alms grew scantier and the looks more cold;  
Full fourscore years the widow now had known,  
And I was old with weariness of time.



---

She spake not of to-day or yesterday.  
But oft repeated she the stories o'er  
Of her own youth and childhood. How she wrought,  
In patient trustfulness, of garlands fair  
That fell in fragments when unto her brow  
She fain would lift them: and how oftentimes  
They likened her to the gazelle that springs  
On Sinai's desert borders. How she saw,  
One drowsy eve, the camels winding come  
To where the fountain flowed; and how she met  
The camel driver there as once, she said,  
Beside the well Rebecca found her lord.  
And how she wedded. How, along the path  
That led unto her dwelling, citrons trailed  
Their golden fruit wherewith the children played.  
How, suddenly, there came the deadly plague  
And smote them all, save her. How, desolate,  
With her own hands she digged the graves, and laid  
The sun-parched turf upon their quiet breasts.  
Then would she sit and rock her to and fro,

With low, soft moanings, and with crooning words,  
And hands upon her knees and arms half bent  
As if the dead they cradled in their fold.  
Sometimes in dazed imaginings she said  
Her children waited for her in the vale  
Beyond the mountains: that their voices cried  
Upon the slow winds, asking she should come.

The months grew longer than the years had been,  
And fair sweet days of evanescent spring  
More dull than first had seemed the latter rain,  
When gloomy vapors filled the narrow street.  
Our home had grown the arches, and the dark  
And starlight of the night beheld us there.  
The widow, on a mat of woven reeds  
Grown on Abana's edges, hid herself  
Behind the pillars for her restless sleep.  
I, in the outer porch on sackcloth couch  
A water bearer gave me when the pool  
The bruises of a fray had healed for him.

And oftentimes the nights were cold and we  
Cared not to see to-morrow. Oftentimes  
The dogs from out the city lanes stole near,  
And with damp nostrils touched our sleeping eyes,  
Then finding us alive gave yell and shrank  
With crouching haunches into dark again.

At last a morning came, and I, alone,  
Gazed on the shimmering water in the ray  
Of the last starlight.

For when midnight came  
I heard a low voice call me and I woke.  
She knelt beside me and within her eyes  
A glad light shone. Her aged face was fair  
With smiling calm and peace ineffable.

Behold! she said, an Angel I have seen.  
Yea, He who stirs the pool. I waking lay  
Watching the thin clouds drift across the sky

To hide the stars and send them forth again;  
When suddenly a Presence near me stood,  
Clad in white raiment and with folded hands,  
And sandals flecked with grains of desert dust.  
Around his head a halo of soft light,  
Yet not of sun or star, but like the glow  
A distant beacon launches to the sky  
From some far hillside hidden from our sight.  
And there was kindness in his eyes, and strength  
In all his limbs, and thought was on his brow;  
And a sweet sadness played around his mouth.  
In his low voice was all the melody  
Of holy chanting heard from aisles afar;  
Yet breathing simple words. What wouldst thou have?  
He asked of me; and pleading I replied:

Oh! Gentle Master, I would have the days  
Of peaceful rest that knew me long ago,  
When I a child beside the fountain played  
And wove me garlands of the early flowers.

---

Aye, kind, good Master, I would know again  
The joy that in the twilight came to me  
To watch the camels coming one by one  
Along the winding road, the peace I knew  
When I in ashes baked the millet bread  
For him who ruled our home. Yea, give to me  
Oh, Blessed Lord, the voices that I heard  
My little children speak so long ago.  
Yea, Master, if I go beyond the hills  
There shall I find them. I am weak and old  
But if the pool but heal me I shall go.  
I left them there and they are waiting me  
And wondering why I come not unto them.  
But I am broken now and all my frame  
Is weariness and woe. When comes the dawn,  
Into the pool, oh, Master, bear me in  
That I, made strong, may yet return to them.

The while I prayed the halo round His head  
With deeper luster shone. In lordlier guise

His snowy raiment flowed. His gaze more deep  
Sank searching into mine—until, afeard,  
I dropt mine eyes and listened. Yea, I heard.  
So shall it be, He said, and when the dawn  
Shall shine upon the ripples thou shalt know  
All this thou askest. Then a little while  
I waited in the silence. When I looked,  
Lo, He was gone.

Then, thinking she had dreamed,  
But seeking still to comfort her, I said  
Yea, sister, it is well, rejoice and hope,  
And rest until the morning. We shall see—  
But ere my words were ended, slow her eyes  
Closed in a peaceful sleep. Upon her lips  
A sweet smile played as if a pleasant thought  
Too tired for utterance had lingered there.  
And as a child will lay its drowsy head  
Upon a grassy bank or sloping knoll,  
So laid she down her forehead on my breast

---

And answered not my words. Nor evermore  
Knew she of earth the weariness and woe.

He is alone who hath no friend anear  
Although earth's hosts were marshalled at his side.  
And I, alone, while other years went by  
Recked not their course, or heeded what they brought  
Of shine or shadow to the outer world.  
And so it happed one morn I brooding lay:  
Whereon One spake, in snowy raiment clad,  
How long, oh, man, art thou abiding here  
And wherefore seek'st thou not the troubled wave  
Thence passing forth rejoicing. Lo, I cried  
In bitterness of heart, can these weak limbs  
Wrestle with all the crowd? How, poor and old,  
Shall I find bearers when the waters rise?  
My trembling limbs are bruised by the stress  
Of many jostling feet. Here, thirty years  
And eight have laid their lash upon my brow  
In groove and wrinkle, and abiding snow

Is on my beard. The mockers mock at me  
With spurning thrust and rudely uttered jest,  
And bid me seek for healing in the pool.

And as I, angered, answered, from His eyes  
A soft clear light outshone. Around His head  
The morning rays seemed bended to a crown.  
In majesty He stood. His vesture white  
With graceful folds descended to His feet  
Whereon were sandals reddened by the touch  
Of the dun desert pathways; and His hands  
As dove's wings waver low above the cote  
Waver'd above my head as if to bless.  
The while He spake in accents vibrant, clear,  
Commanding as the brazen trumpet's blast,  
Yet kindly as the viols dulcet sound:  
Arise and take thy bed and hence depart  
Thy heavy penance done; thy sin atoned:  
And breathe again the glory of the air  
That sweeps among the hills, and in the vales



---

Sleeps stilly in the sun. Then He was gone  
Ere yet the import of His words I knew.

Through all my veins there came a glow of strength,  
And my dim eyesight cleared, so I could see  
Of distant birds the flight, and at my feet  
The little red ants crawling in the dust.  
And then, as I was bidden, forth I went  
Into the outer day. The narrow street  
To me was golden in the mellow morn,  
And all things fair and sweet and full of peace.

Above the wall the myrtle's starry blooms,  
And dark leaves tremulous on slender sprays,  
Recalled the path to Hebron, and I passed  
Out through the gate and southward went my way  
With sturdy steps and firm, with nostrils wide  
Inhaling with deep breath the cheery air.  
And when the noon drew nearer and the heat  
Brought languor to my feet, I loitered slow  
And sought amid the herbage that I trod

For herbs to please my senses. There I found  
Rare mandrakes that, divided, semblance gave  
Of bearded faces in their cloven walls:  
That cried as from the earth I drew them forth,  
So I might eat them with a cloying tongue.  
I from the mallow gathered musky seeds  
Rejoicing in their odor.

Then mine eyes  
Recalled once more the beauty of the flowers,  
Of lilies, and of Sharon's daffodils,  
And roses of Damascus purple strown.  
The storax branches bearing blooms of snow  
Out-thrown from leaves, that swaying in the wind,  
Showed white and green alternate. And mine ear,  
Having its share of all the joyous toil  
Of knowing earth again, took heed and heard  
The warble of the song thrush and the lark;  
And from the olive groves the bulbul's note  
In full-toned melody.

But taking heed  
That fast the hours were wasting, on I trod  
With measured step and steady. Soon I saw  
The sparrows sit alone upon the rocks,  
And solitary storks on loftiest trees  
By low, rude dwellings, at whose open doors  
The women sat and sang, beside the mills  
Slow turned to grind the corn, although the sun  
Was speeding to the west. From this I knew  
That Hebron lay a little way before;  
Fair Hebron, with her vineyards and her palms!  
But, wearied with my journey, loitering,  
I sought for fallen dates; and 'neath an oak  
Lay down and slept, and when I startled woke  
The stars had risen, and the early night  
Was calm and clear.

Across the silent air  
A shawm's loud blast rose strident and anear;  
In lower tones came tinkling of a harp.

So, from this token, by the well, I knew  
The dancers made them merry in the eve.

Then I forgot the eight and thirty years  
Since I the wine-gourd drained beside the spring,  
And all my outworn raiment, and my beard  
Grown white as citron blossoms in the spring.  
And when I, joyous, joined it, all the crowd  
Had gibe, and laugh, and little wanton jest  
Wherewith to vex me: Will the old man dance?  
Cried one, her hair unsnooded, and her arms,  
Each gentle curve displaying, on my neck.  
Wherewith they shouted lustily and sang  
Rude songs to further laughter, till awaked  
To all the change in me, I felt mine eyes  
The unresisted tears drop slowly down,  
So that they ceased, abashed. Oh, youths! I said,  
And joyous maidens! Life and love are sweet  
As sounds of music in the silent night.  
But night and music vanish, and the joy

---

Is ended in its time. An hour to dance,  
And yet an hour to sing, was said of old  
When wise men taught our fathers. Let the song  
And cadence of the viol charm the night  
Ere yet the days of evil come, when ye  
May find no pleasure in them! On each head  
The old man leaves his blessing and departs.

But lonelier than of old, when I beheld  
The idle leaves adrift upon the pool,  
I went my way into the outer fields,  
Nor cared to seek the town. Where melons grew  
I found a hut on sturdy stakes upraised  
Above the vapors of the teeming earth;  
Its ragged thatch gave shelter till the morn.  
And now, I said, Engedi's fount is far,  
But it shall I behold ere sunset falls.

Then with free feet I trod the winding path  
In cool of morning, and in noontide glow.

I gathered herbs that in the meadows grew.  
And fruits from branches shaken by the breeze.  
By wayside springs I knelt for pleasant draughts,  
And peace was in my heart, such peace as knows  
The bird free flown in air, or lizard lain  
In safe luxuriance in the sultry sun.  
Yea, more than this, before me on my way  
A scorpion lay unfolded, yet the staff  
Within my hand forebore to injure him,  
And stepping quick aside I left him there;  
Rejoicing that with me he knew the warmth  
And shared with me the glory of the day.  
At last I saw a shadow trailing far  
Where a fair palm rose stalwart 'gainst the sky,  
Grown crimson in the west; I sought the well  
But was a stranger as I leaned and gazed  
Into its limpid depths. The clouds, the same  
As in the olden time, inverted there  
Swam gently on in silence, and the moss,  
As long ago, grew on the inner wall.

---

But rank weeds were on all the earth around,  
The curb was broken and the hyssop gone.

Then on my heart came weariness, and fain  
I was to weep. For all were gone away  
That once I knew nor could I follow them.  
Nor was there any one to seek for me.  
A drowsy bee droned past me and I said  
He seeks the crevice of the aged tree,  
Where mid the mould and odors of decay  
He findeth his own home and knoweth it.  
So let me see the porches once again,  
And old familiar sights, and hear the sounds  
Of all the turmoil of the city streets.  
So while the stars were shining, steadily  
I trod the way toward Jerusalem,  
And reached it at the dawn; but in an hour  
I tired me of the pool. The temple wall  
Was close beside and in the neighb'ring street,  
I sought its shadow in the sultry noon.

Beside the southern wall there graceful leaned  
A woman, one of Cyprus, with her hair  
In jetty curls on ivory shoulders thrown;  
With laughing eyes and with her rounded breasts  
Half shown by drooping of the careless robe,  
And with crushed camphire sweet and redolent,  
Beside her feet a wine jar: in her hand  
A taper cup of beryl. And she sang,  
Low voiced and clear, a soft alluring song.

Oh. Drink the wine and it will banish care,  
And he that is alone shall need no friend;  
He that is old shall have his youth again.  
To him that drinks the wine new love shall come,  
And he whose heart is cold shall fervent find  
The red blood running warm within his veins.  
For him the curtains wove of orient weft,  
Their broidered folds shall sway in gentle airs.  
For him the henna's snowy cups of bloom  
Shall give their odor forth. Oh. Drink the wine,



---

And discontent shall vanish as the dew  
On Hermon fades before the breath of morn.

From loneliness to mirth were precious change.  
With eager hand I reached to grasp the cup,  
The gay song answering with gayer jest,  
And ardent gaze on all the loveliness  
Her loosened robe disclosed. When suddenly,  
Beware, I heard in accents deep and strong  
As bid an arm upraised for evil deed,  
At once he stayed. Then knelt I at the feet  
Of Him who broke my bonds beside the pool,  
And cried, Oh, Abba, pardon, and the hem  
Of his white garment lifted to my lips,  
Fearing to raise mine eyes or see His face,  
Or hearken to his words of righteous wrath.  
Beware, He said. Have I not borne thy woe,  
And all thy sin from which thy woe outsprang:  
Sending thee forth rejoicing as of old  
When earth was fair to thee and youth was thine.

Then carefully take heed lest thou return  
Into thine old abasement and no help  
Unto thy misery come evermore—  
For mark thee, as the olive when its stem  
Is worn and old and bears but withered leaves,  
And falls beneath the burden of the wind,  
Is grown again from never dying root;  
So in the far hereafter shalt thou rise  
From thine old self of good or evil done.  
And verily I tell thee: They who mourn  
Shall comfort find, and all the humble share  
Jehovah's kingdom: and the merciful  
Have mercy for themselves. The earth shall yield  
Its blessings to the debonnair, and they  
Who bear pure hearts with their own eyes behold  
The ever living God.

Then He was gone.  
The traffickers passed by me, each intent  
On his own errand. Low the Cypriote sang

---

Her song persuasive in alluring tones  
To one from Lebanon, a mountaineer,  
Nor on me glanced again. Amid the throng  
I found no comforting or thought of calm.

The burning sun shone on the narrow streets,  
And drowsiness was brooding in the air;  
While sullen sultriness within my veins  
Crept slow and venomed; and my brain was dulled,  
And my faint heart was weary. Dreamily  
I communed with myself: Lo! I was made  
By Him who made the world. He made me thus,  
And wherefore on me lies the heavy load  
Of stern denial to the thoughts He gave,  
And all resistance to temptations sent  
In pleasant guise to make my days more fair,  
And make more sweet the life He gave to me;  
Yea, this, my life, whose wasting autumn comes  
With something of the summer in its fold?

While pondering thus I lingered where were sold  
The spices of the East, and strange perfumes  
Won from the herbs of many distant lands;  
And while I loitered, timid drew anear,  
From out the alien crowd, a form I knew;  
For sure none other had so graceful mien,  
Or bore such wealth of beauty in her hair—  
Sable as are the wings of birds that slay  
The swarming locusts on far Shinar's plains—  
Massive upon her shoulders, and, adown,  
Its fringes clinging to the flexile knee.  
Aye! She it was, and yet I scarcely kenned  
That it could be, so strangely was she changed;  
For high unto her throat there clung her robe,  
Wrapped careful on the rounded breast, and all  
Its loveliness concealed. Her step no more  
Was careless in its grace; the longing eyes  
Were mild as with the fire the starlight gives  
To the calm skies of harvest, and her mouth  
Was innocent as lips of childhood are,

---

That know nor scorn, nor anger or of guile,  
Or any thought of wrong; and sweeter, far,  
Than when she sang of roses was her voice,  
Low-toned and tremulous, the while she asked:  
Hast thou rich spikenard—that which traders bring  
From the far plains beyond the purple sea,  
Sealed in the lucent kists of shining stone?  
And here is gold to pay its price withal.

At this the merchant laughed: Who hast thou snared,  
That he should scatter gold as leaves are blown,  
Or olives shaken from the autumn branch?  
And so from out thy curtains must the breath  
Of costliest perfumes waver on the night;  
Thy couch more odorous than all the fields  
On Sharon's slopes, where amorous roses grow!  
I would, he said, that I were but a girl,  
And not a trader in these costly wares,  
So I might gather gold with luring looks  
And dulcet singing of soft songs to men.

Then over the broad forehead and the cheek  
And on the gentle neck, like flush of dawn  
That deepens into scarlet, came a glow.  
And then, like snow upon a crimson bloom,  
Came deathly pallor, and from tremulous lips  
Half failing into sobbing came reply:  
Thy jest is evil and thy words are naught.  
These coins I earned by toiling in the fields  
Where crisping wheat and sturdy barley drew  
Their rasping beards across these tender hands.  
The sickle wielded and the gavels bound  
From early morn when on my arms there rained  
From the tall grain the cold night gathered dews.  
When the sun smote me until faintness came  
As from a burden heavy to be borne.  
Through the hot noontides when the wheat was dry  
And scattered kernels at each careless touch.  
Into the twilight when, new born, the dew  
Lay on the stubble; and the twisted straw  
Was pliant knotted on the yielding sheaf.

---

Yet every day was sweet with solace wrought  
In this, that all unblemished came the dole  
That guerdoned my long toil. For I had will'd  
To make a stainless offering to one  
Unstained by earthly guile. This gold is clean  
As holy is its purpose, void of wrong,  
Like to the sacrifice on altars laid  
By pure hands for pure hearts in olden time.  
As if her tears were dropping with her words  
Her low voice seemed, the while the precious kist  
She laid within the raiment on her breast.  
Then went upon her way with steadfast step  
And calm, untroubled eyes, and cheek that paled  
To dusky softness in the ardent day.

Then, curious to know, I followed her  
And said, Oh, daughter, dost of roses sing  
As in old days, or art thou silent now  
With silence born of sorrow, for no joy  
Is on thy lip, though loving peace hath laid

---

Her touch upon thy forehead. Wherefore this?  
I seek for rest and no rest comes to me.

There is no rest, she answered, patience comes  
And is to rest as is the Rabbi's prayer  
After the chanting of the rhythmic psalm:  
As cool of twilight after quiet noons,  
Or stillness of fair waters when their flow  
Has ceased in limpid lakes.

Aye, Aye, Quoth I,

But wherefore patience when our wasted years  
Haunt us like shadows stalking by our side,  
And, mocking, point us to the void beyond.

Not so, she said. The Nazarine doth say,  
And him we trust in humbleness and faith,  
That a sin offering for us shall be,  
And all atonement made for evil done,  
For those who in His name do ask for it.



---

And we, relieved from soilure of our days,  
Shall purity of childhood know again:  
So when the change that we call death hath come,  
We pass into a realm where peace doth reign,  
Whose gates are barred to sorrow, and where fear  
Is ever alien, and where innocence  
Disports itself in gladness in the light  
That like unchanging sunrise, gilds the throne  
Of God, our Father. So in faith we wait  
In penitence and patience for our rest.

The while she spake a sudden uproar grew  
As of a crowd pursuing, and she fled  
Ere it should come to us. And as she ran  
I saw her little feet like swallows skim  
The stony way; her graceful limbs that swayed  
Within her loosened raiment as the branch  
Of some fair vine swings pendant with its leaves  
Outblown by passing breezes, and her arm  
Like tawny ivory bended to her breast

To hold the casket mid a gathered fold  
Of drooping raven hair.

Now all my thoughts  
Were grown confused and dim. As in a dream  
I saw my mother's face and heard her say  
That we should rest when all of life was done,  
As she had spoken ere the harvest moon  
On her closed eyelids shone. Anon, I thought  
Of the high mountain whence the trav'ler saw  
The crimson sun at midnight rise again  
To a new day withouten dark between.  
And then it seemed, from patience into rest,  
Was whispered in mine ear. Then rude the tale  
Of the wild robber chief returned to me,  
And how his woe endureth evermore;  
How all of evil, more than sevenfold  
After its kind doth bear of bitter fruit.  
I thought of guilt and the enduring scourge  
Of memory when all the joy is gone

---

That made its apples sweet. The Prophet's words  
Came hollow sounding back; so, on and on,  
Till time shall end, our deeds shall follow us,  
Yet there is One who cometh. To and fro,  
Like the swift shuttle in a weaver's hands,  
The riddle sounded in my weary brain  
Of whom it was so promised! Then to me  
Came recollection of the legend old  
The youth had told concerning Solomon  
In his last day, when all of vanity  
Was the wide past to him: when high were drawn  
The curtains from the ages yet to be.  
Where he beheld afar a Stronger rise,  
Yea, One more wise and purer, from whose hands  
Upon the poor should benediction come.

Dazed and distraught I rose and ere I knew,  
I was beyond the city gates, the fields  
Were green beside me.

All my heart was dust  
As was the ashen way beneath my feet.  
Behold, I said, there is no place for me,  
And all is doubt within me and without.  
An hundred days will I in deserts bide  
With prayer and fasting; and in solitude  
Mayhap will wisdom find a voice for me  
And guidance give.

I sought the wilderness  
And ate of bitter herbs; from brackish springs  
I slaked my thirst, and many vigils kept.  
Yet all was vain, though visions came to me,  
Bloodless and cold in watches of the night,  
And fiends tormenting in my loneliness.  
Until the hundreth morn was come and gone,  
Aye. All is vain I said, there is no light  
Save of these senses, like a glowworm's spark,  
Whose evil odor mingles with its ray  
And marks it of the earth. Then through my brain

There shot the sensuous pleasure of the thought  
Of the fleet feet whose graceful steps I saw  
Flee from the crowd, a hundred days before,  
And the round arm and buoyant, springing limbs.  
Then, like rebuke, the memory of her face,  
Chastened with sorrow, yet alight with trust,  
Came o'er me as I walked, and all her words—  
Forgotten until now—returned to me:  
The Nazarine hath spoken. Who is he?  
For out of Nazareth no good may come,  
They said, when I was young. Now I am old,  
And still they say the same.

In querulous thought

And motiveless, I wended t'ward the gates;  
But ere I reached them came a traveler—  
Cheery of face—and met me on the way.  
The Nazarine? quoth I. And who is He?  
And what His work, and where shall Him I find?  
Ah! He is dead! he answered; and the crowd



---

'The Nazarine hath spoken!' seemed to me  
As words far floating in a tender voice,  
Remote and tremulous, from out the air.  
Then from my arid eyelids sprang the tears,  
And in meek tones I murmured: Father, Hear!  
Though now it be the Nazarine is dead,  
And Him I knew not with mine earthly sight,  
As He hath done for Thy most favored ones,  
So let Him do for me; and in His Name  
And for His sake let light henceforth be mine  
For guidance into rest!

The deepened shade  
Crept down from Olivet. I shook the dust  
From my worn sandals t'ward the city gates,  
In purpose to depart, but loitered, still,  
Uncertain whither should my footsteps go.  
Softly I thought of Hebron's quiet graves,  
Wherein, of old, the two I loved were laid,  
And were they sunken so that alien feet

Athwart them trod, unknowing? Did the rose  
Bloom by them as long since? And were the palms,  
Sprung from the seeds of Egypt, stately there,  
With growth unkenne'd by me?

Then thought more harsh  
Of who had known me in the distant days  
Would hail me now in Hebron, save with gibes;  
How they whose grandsires knew me in my youth  
Would mock my ragged garb. No more, I said,  
Need I that pathway travel. Thence afar  
To Emmaus or Gadara I will go;  
There no man's memory may my name recall.

With purpose steadfast and unswerving feet  
I hied me on my way. But scarce an hour  
Was gone before I paused. A woman, bent  
With weight of beggary and famished toil,  
Stood by the wayside with extended hands.  
No word she spake; but her dark eyes were dulled



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As if by prayers unanswered, and her lips  
Trembled as if with asking long denied;  
Her snowy hair from wrinkled temples hung  
To shrunken shoulders, and her fingers brown,  
Were like the talons of the birds that come  
In times of famine from the distant hills  
To tear the scattered flocks. Unknown to me  
Her face and figure; but familiar still,  
As is a dream remembered in a dream,  
Faint and elusive to our clearer thought;  
And like a vision in a dream recalled  
Rose mine own sorrow through the faded years,  
When, from Engedi's vale, I sought the pool,  
And then—in strange inconsequence—the mound  
Whereon I planted seeds so long ago.  
And then a consciousness within my brain  
Seemed speaking silently, but heard withal:  
Even as from the mellowed earth does rise  
Bright palms from dusky seeds, so in thine heart  
Should mercy rise from sorrow. So, I sought

Within my folded girdle. Thence I drew  
The two Denarii that the noble gave,  
And laid them in her hand.

In quaver shrill

Quoth she: The Lord will bless thee, for thy hand  
Is open to the poor and they are His.  
And, Shobab, look on me, knowst not the child  
That to her mother's garment clung the while  
She gave thee sombre seeds of Egypt's palm;  
Or yet the maiden who with timbrel's sound  
Hailed thee, beside the path, the afternoon  
Ye went returning from Jerusalem  
Toward the ripened vineyards long ago;  
Aye, in the distant years when we were young.  
Now, we are old and time for rest is near.  
So heed my words. For well my mother knew  
The runes that lay within the hidden kist,  
Beneath the throne of Solomon, the king  
Of Judah and of Genii; and whom God

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Gave wisdom greater than to Sons of men.  
For God, our Father, speaks in many ways  
And guides us with the shadow of His hand,  
Which we deem darkness while it leads to light.  
As in far Thebes the tufted pinnacles  
Rear their green heads aloft, where holy ones  
Shall come to dwell in solitude and calm,  
So by fair Hebron's fountains rise the shafts  
Of palms thy hands have planted, and their leaves  
Sway gently o'er the graves of those ye loved.  
There go and rest shall find thee, and content,  
And placidness of thought, and peacefulness  
Free from all turmoil of the stormy world;  
Void of regret for all the years ago,  
And fear of those that yet may come to thee.

Farewell, I answered, Sister, may His hand  
Deal gently with thy age, and peace be thine  
As thou hast willed for me. And as I spake

We turned and went upon our several way.  
She speaketh truth I said.

The haunts of men  
Are nevermore for me; nor yet the fields  
Where solitude is brooding and my heart  
Aches in the void of silence. I recall  
Where close by Hebron lies the narrow road,  
The fountain yields its waters, and the dates  
By winds that sweep o'er autumn threshing floors  
Are scattered to the ground. There caravans  
Of traders come and go. There some are ill,  
With fevers of the desert; stricken some  
With wounds from battles foughten in the plains  
And fain would have of succor. I will go.  
Beside the spring a dwelling rude will raise  
And drive away the weeds with thrift of figs;  
With opulence of melons and of corn.  
There every morn of gentle toil shall bring  
Its due allotted portion, and each eve

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The promise of sweet sleep. Each noontide hour  
Shall bear the benison of pleasant rest  
Beneath the trees I planted long ago.  
So, germinal of all fair thoughts shall life  
Pass softly to its end, when I shall know  
The unread mystery that lies beyond:  
And from this flow'ring of my spirit here  
Shall gather distant fruitage.

Thence I came;  
The Theban palms were buoyant in the breeze,  
Their stems like pillars rose against the sky,  
And, at their feet, the wild thorn-roses blew  
As in my youth I knew them. Though the graves  
Were leveled with the ground I kenned their place,  
And close beside them seemed a space for me.  
The twilight came, and darkness, yet I stayed  
For whither elsewhere should I seek my home?

I sat beside the curb, a fallen stone  
Rounded and smooth made pillow for my head

Bowed low on bended arms. My drowsy eyes  
Closed wearily: no rest was in my heart.  
The thin voice of the creeping wind came faint  
Through the low herbs. It faded into tones,  
For now I slept, of softly breathing flutes  
Borne near and nearer. Then, through silver veils  
That changed to gold and crimson in the sky,  
Then cleft apart while azure shone beyond,  
I saw the cherubim rise from the ark—  
The carven ark, that 'neath the temple roof,  
I saw lang syne—and from their lips there came  
Joining the slender music, joyous song.

It is no dream, they sang; for God hath raised  
Beyond earth's darkened realm His palaces  
Wherein earth's sons and daughters strive no more  
With sorrow or with wrong. There love is fond  
Yet hath no passion; and there, gentleness  
Hath fear of no beguiling. Innocence,  
That knows no craft, is shining in each face;

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And unto each his childhood comes again,  
Blent with the wisdom that his pilgrimage,  
Or brief or long, hath taught him.

So they sang.

And then, as if receding, sang again.  
It is no dream, they sang; it is no dream.  
Then as in silence their sweet voices died  
The azure cloud was lifted, and below  
I saw broad gardens. Mid the leafy shade  
Arose the domes of temples; and the air  
Was sweet and hazy with an incense smoke  
That rose unceasing to a hidden throne,  
Known by its soft effulgence thrown afar  
On the high skies. And in those fields beheld  
A little maid adorned with daffodils  
And coiling roses on her shoulders thrown.  
A dark face, sable bearded, on whose brow  
The helmet's mark seemed graven. More than all,  
Crowned with ripe wheat that white as lilies shone,

My fair young mother, for from her was gone  
All that which was of sorrow or of toil.  
Yea, those I knew beside the distant pool  
Were there with them, and peace was with them all.

I woke. The chill wind through the herbage crept:  
Coldly the starlight shone. The branched palms  
Threw far and clear a tracery of shade  
That wavered on the ground. But, at its edge,  
The sky bore silver promise of the dawn.

Where reached the shadows when the sunrise came.  
I builded these stone walls beside the path,  
Upon them laid this roof of verdant turf;  
This garden digged where wanton weeds were grown.  
With mine own feet through yonder herbage wore  
The gray line of the path that meets the track  
That, through the vale, the traders traverse slow.  
Here have I borne the weary to my home,  
And here have carried to wayfaring ones



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Of cooling water and of welcome food—  
Have knelt beside the dying; of the dead  
The wearied eyes have closed: and they who mourned,  
With words of comforting have lulled to sleep.

So, in the change of never changing days,  
Long since came perfect peace.

But yester-eve  
A new-found glory kindled all my heart  
With an exultant joy. A Canaanite  
Asked of me shelter, and beside my hearth  
Gazed keen into my face. Ah! Thou art he,  
He said, who long ago beside the pool  
Beneath the porches, at the Master's word  
Arose and walked, and bore thy bed away,  
Though not for thee the troubled waters rose.  
And knowst thou not the Master? He who lay  
Within the manger when the fleecy light  
Made aureole on the Virgin Mother's head;

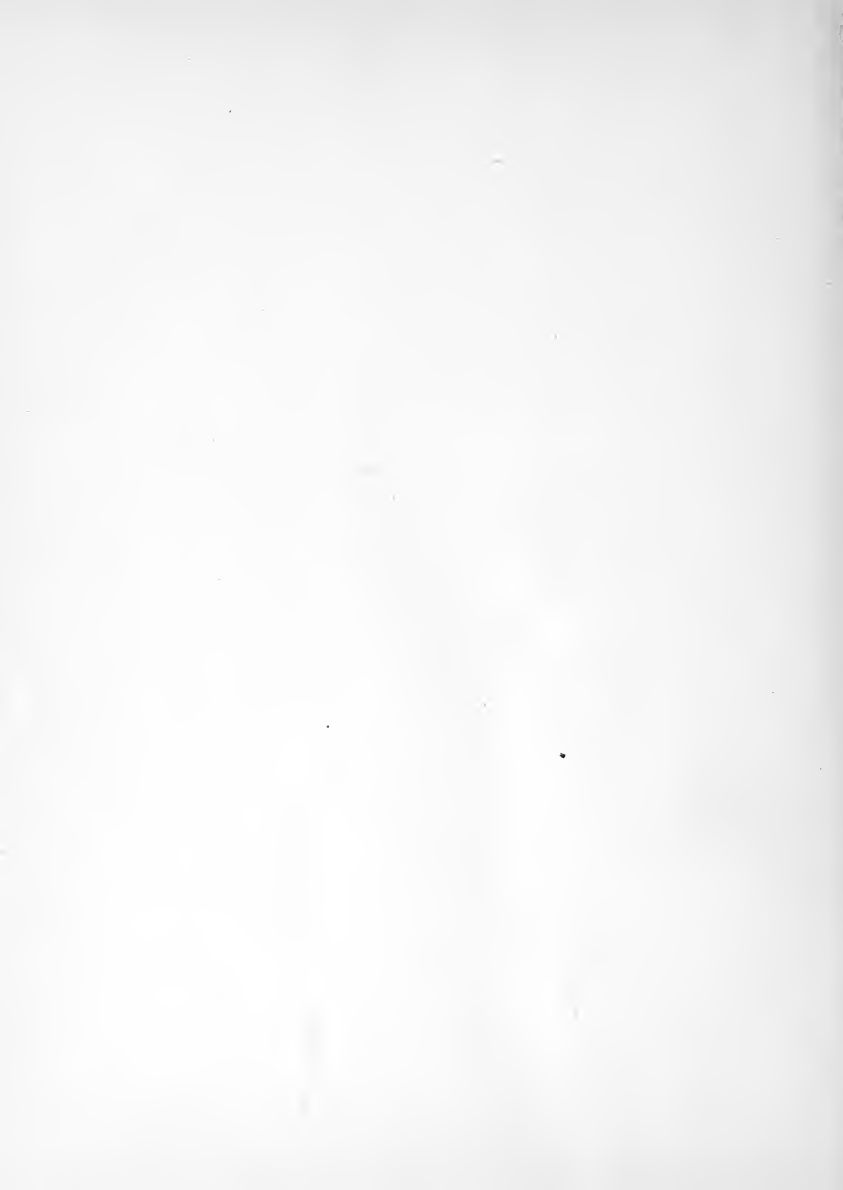
He who to Egypt fled from Herod's wrath,  
And slept beneath a palm whose branch shall wave  
When dawns the Last Day on the earth redeemed.  
He whom they crucified on Calvary  
That even I, a Gibeonite, should live  
Free from the sin atoned for by His Blood.  
Yea; Shiloh, prophesied from olden time,  
Whose Kingdom is of Heaven, and whose sway  
Is in men's hearts, and over all the earth  
Shall spread in beams of holy blessedness.

Then knew I who had healed me, and I knelt  
And invocation made. Oh, Father, hear:  
Although like barren fig trees are my days,  
As wirble of dead leaves on Autumn winds,  
Or stubble shorn by fire, yet I am Thine;  
My wrong atoned for and my burden cast  
Through Him whose agony hath purchased peace  
To all Thy children. Therefore bid me come  
To mine inheritance beside Thy throne.

And if, Oh, Father, it may be Thy will,  
Then grant a sign that I perchance may ken  
When Thy call cometh and mine hour is near.

Then, from an ashen cloud that rode the sky,  
A lambent light descended as a torch,  
Inverted, flares a moment and is gone.  
And by this symbol given, well I know  
That ere yon sun is hidden in the west  
My task is finished and my journey done.

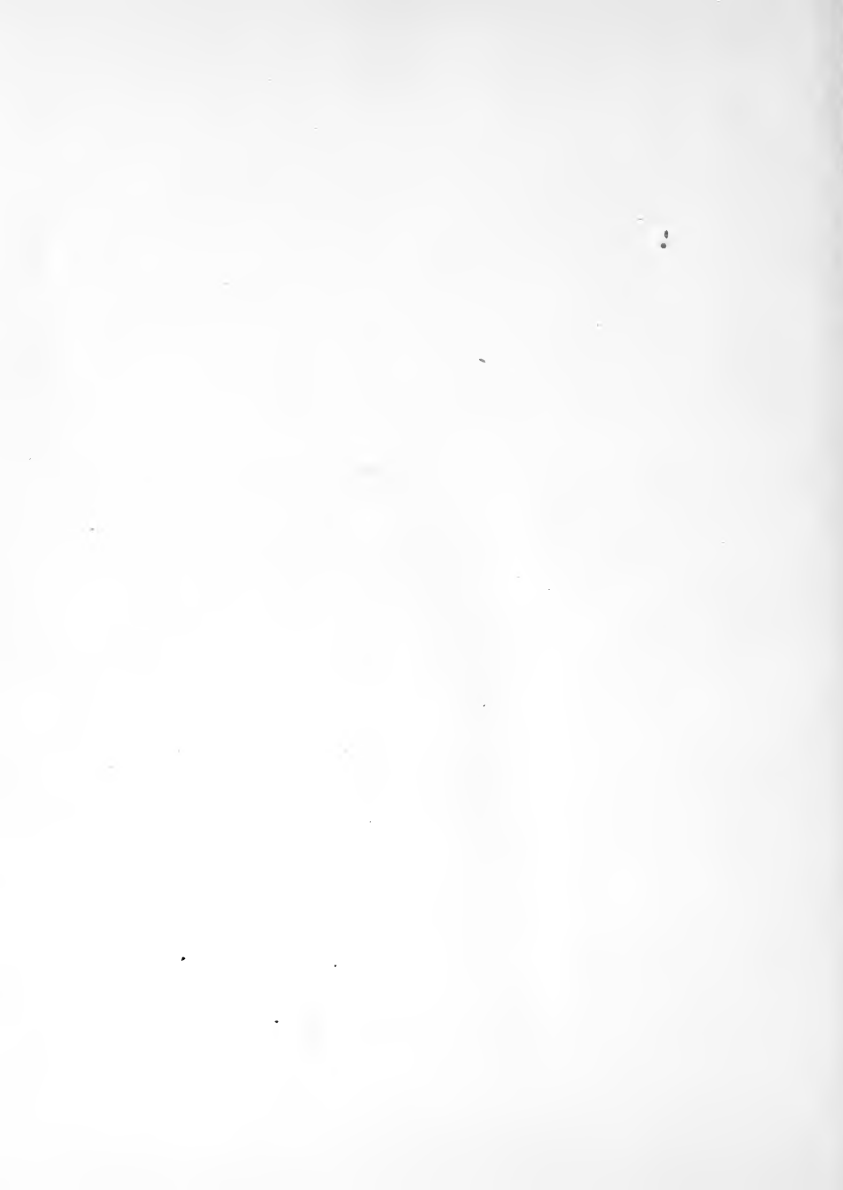
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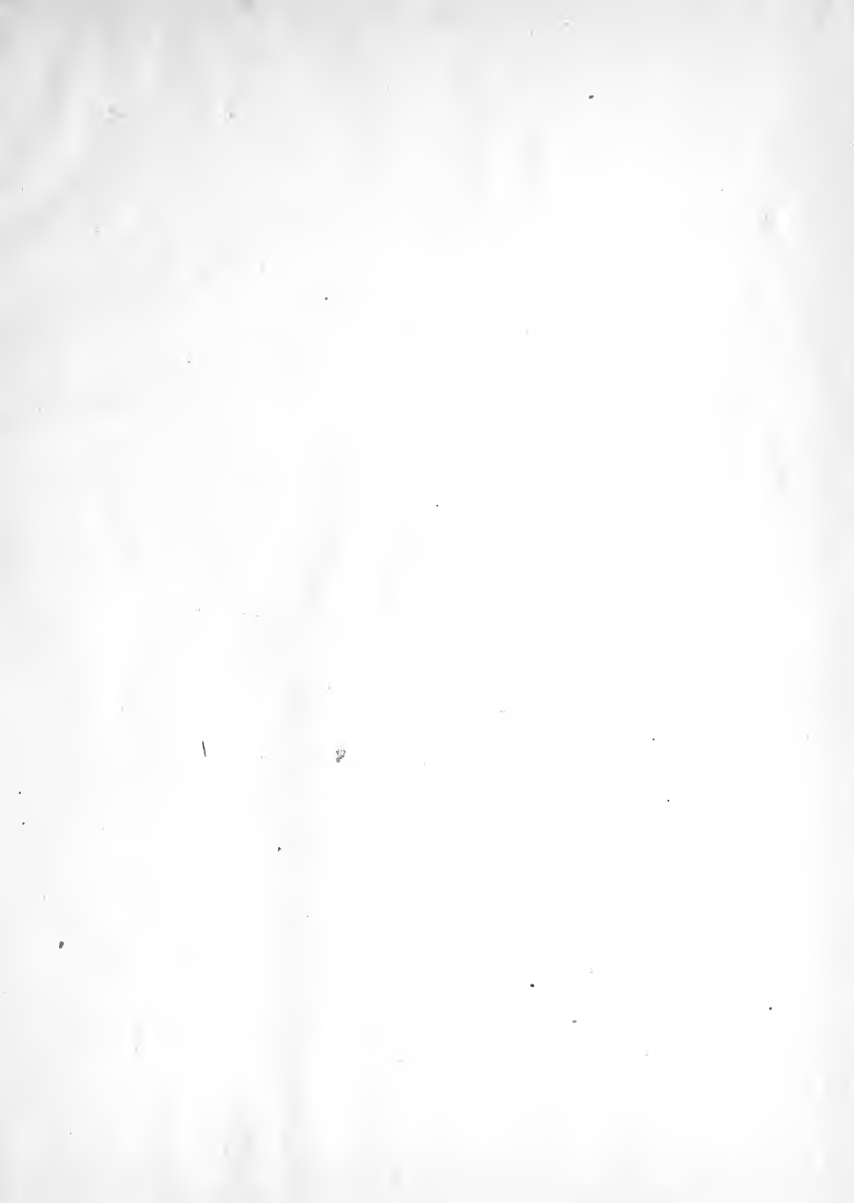


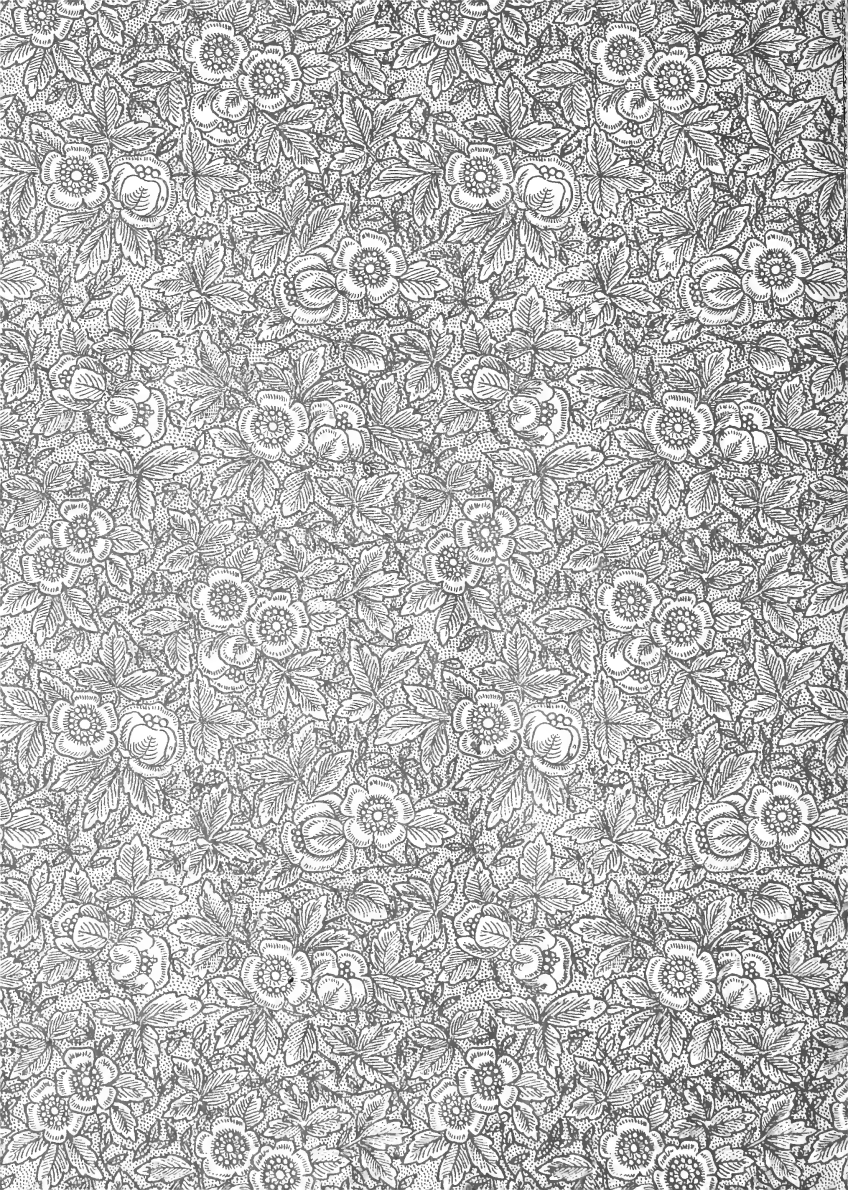


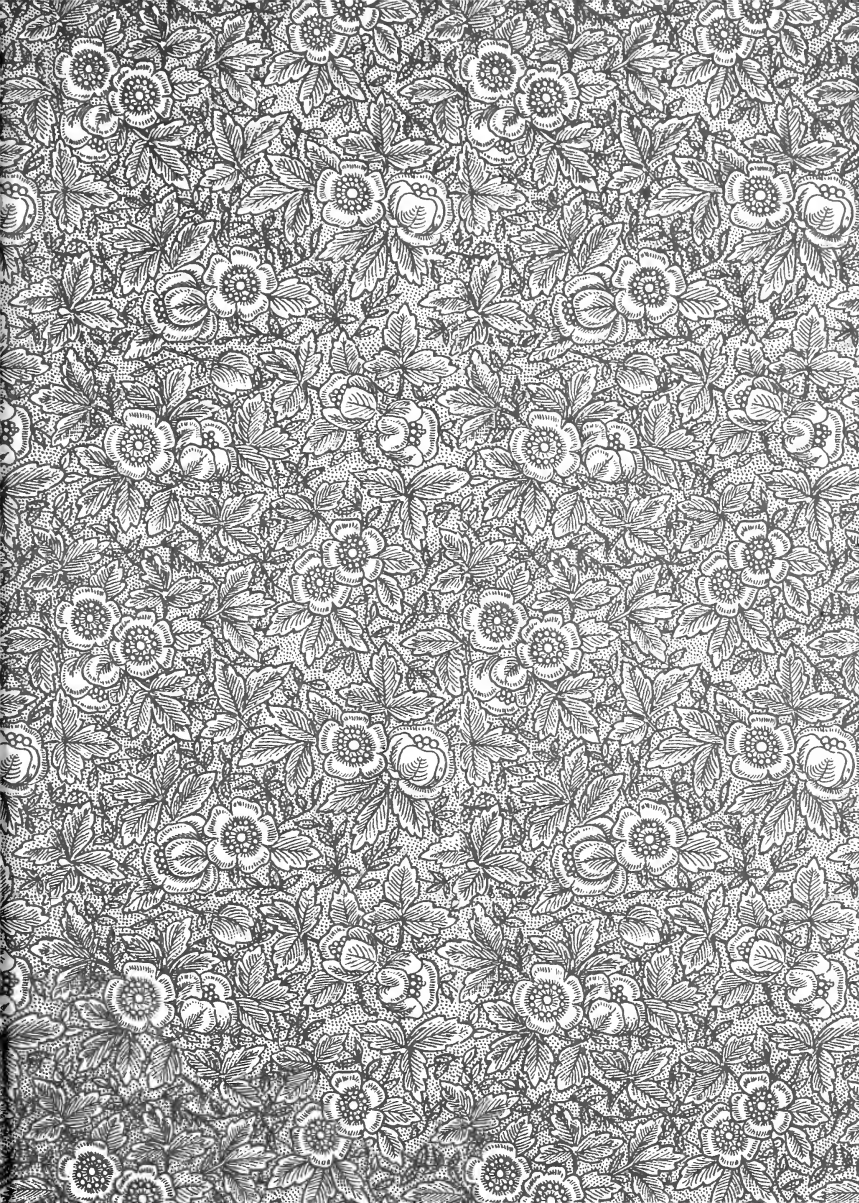












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